

JULY

No. 24

10¢

CRACK COMICS



*With
The*
**BLACK
CONDOR**



THE CLOCK



MOLLY THE MODEL



ALIAS THE SPIDER

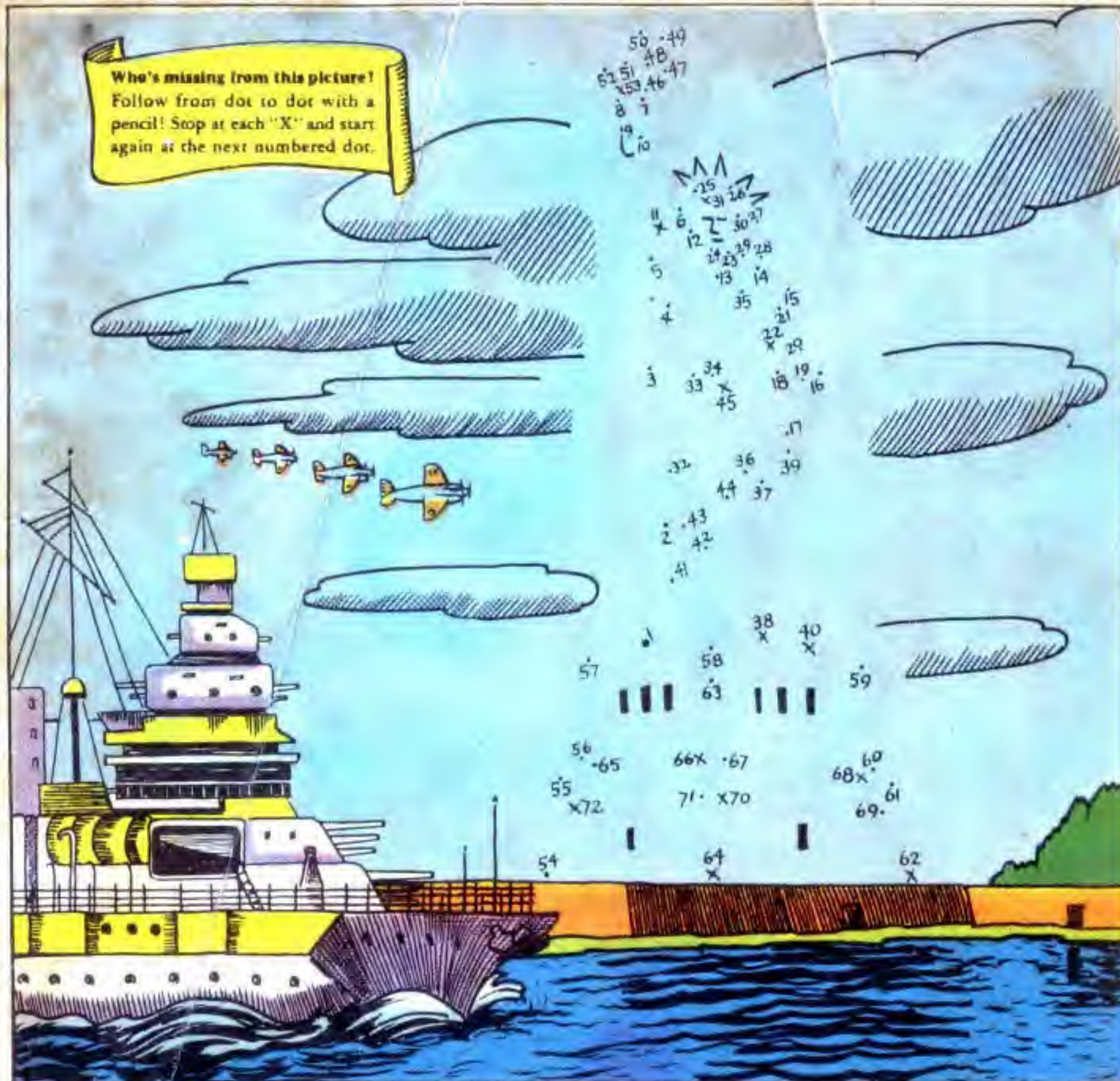


NED BRANT



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Who's missing from this picture?
Follow from dot to dot with a pencil! Stop at each "X" and start again at the next numbered dot.



**Be sure your
new bike has this
famous brake!**

BUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More



ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike — you can get it on any standard make.

**MORROW
COASTER BRAKE**



**ECLIPSE
MACHINE DIVISION**
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Elms, N. Y.

**HERE ARE THE TWO LEADERS
IN THE QUARTERLY COMIC FIELD**

**THE
DOLL MAN**
Quarterly

**UNCLE
SAM**
Quarterly

Buy Them From Your Regular Newsdealer

CRACK COMICS, July, 1942, No. 24. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, Gilbert Fox, Editor. Yearly subscription in U. S. A. \$1.00 (6 issues); Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter March 11, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

The BLACK CONDOR

— by Lou Fine —



A ONE MAN FLYING FORTRESS!! THE BLACK CONDOR, WHO, IN PUBLIC LIFE HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE LATE SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, HIS DOUBLE, FLIES OUT ONCE MORE TO SAVE AMERICA FROM "THE SECRET OF THE HILLS"!!

IN A WASHINGTON CAFE..

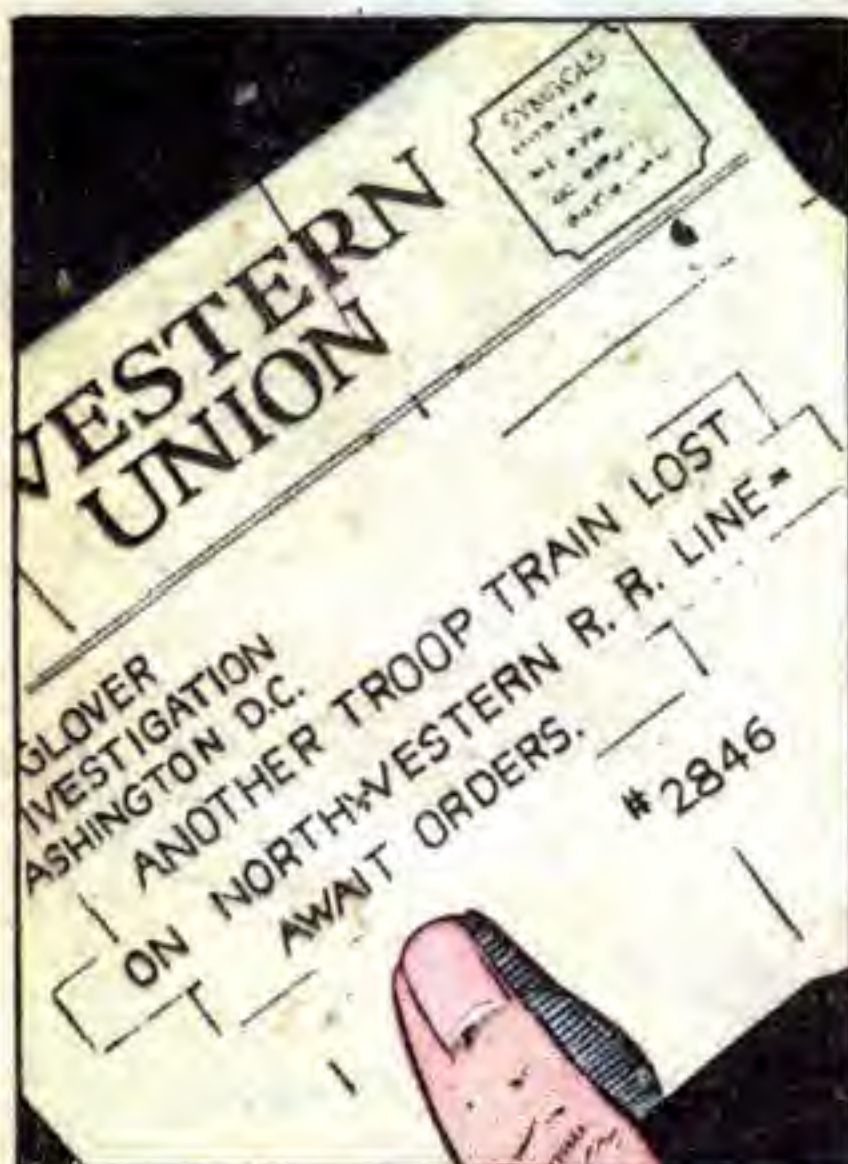
I SUPPOSE, MR. GLOVER, THAT YOU AND YOUR F.B.I. MEN ARE WORKING DOUBLE TIME THESE WAR DAYS

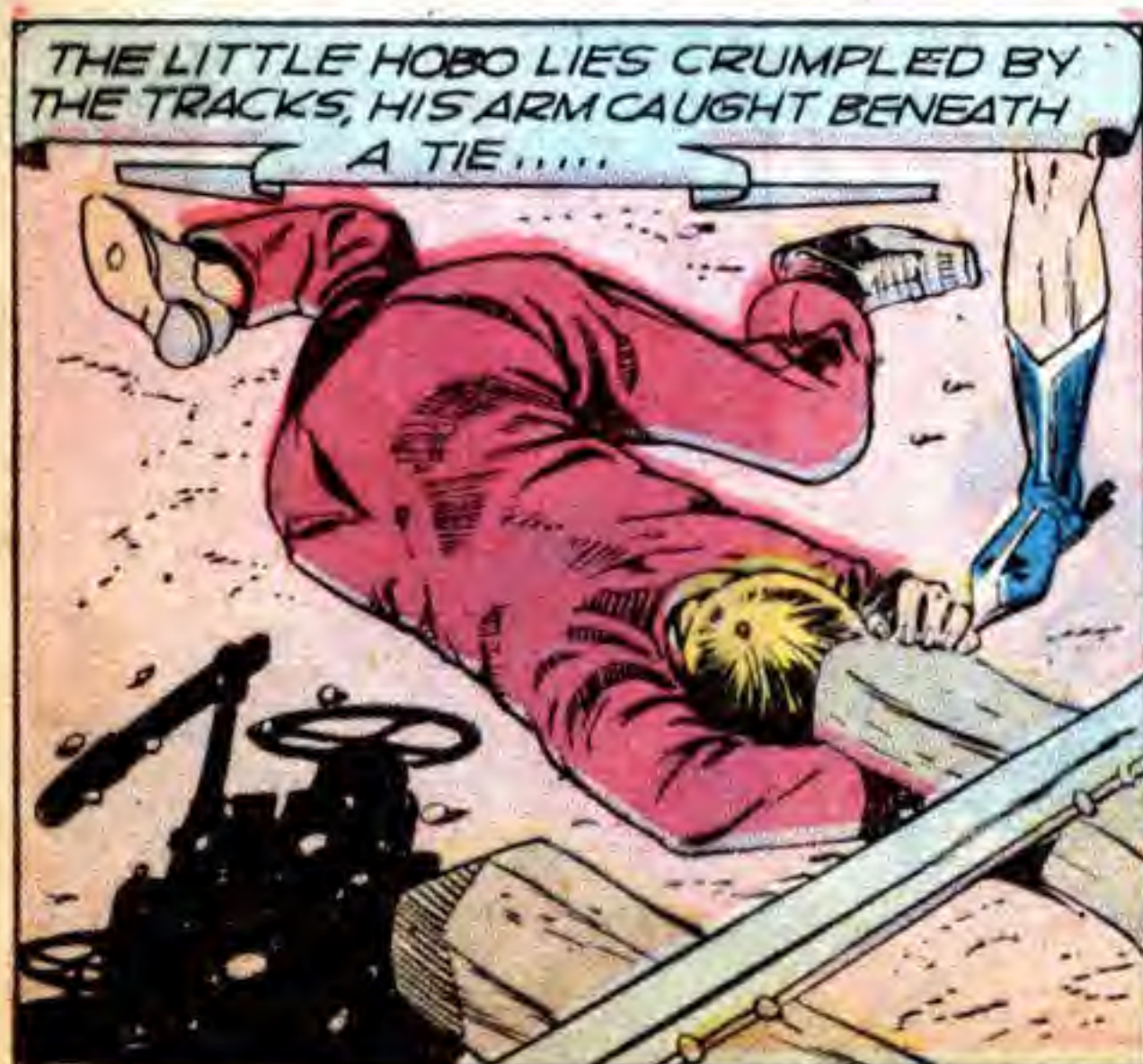
YES, SENATOR WRIGHT, WE'RE PRETTY CROWDED FOR...

TELEGRAM FOR MR. J. EMERY GLOVER !!!

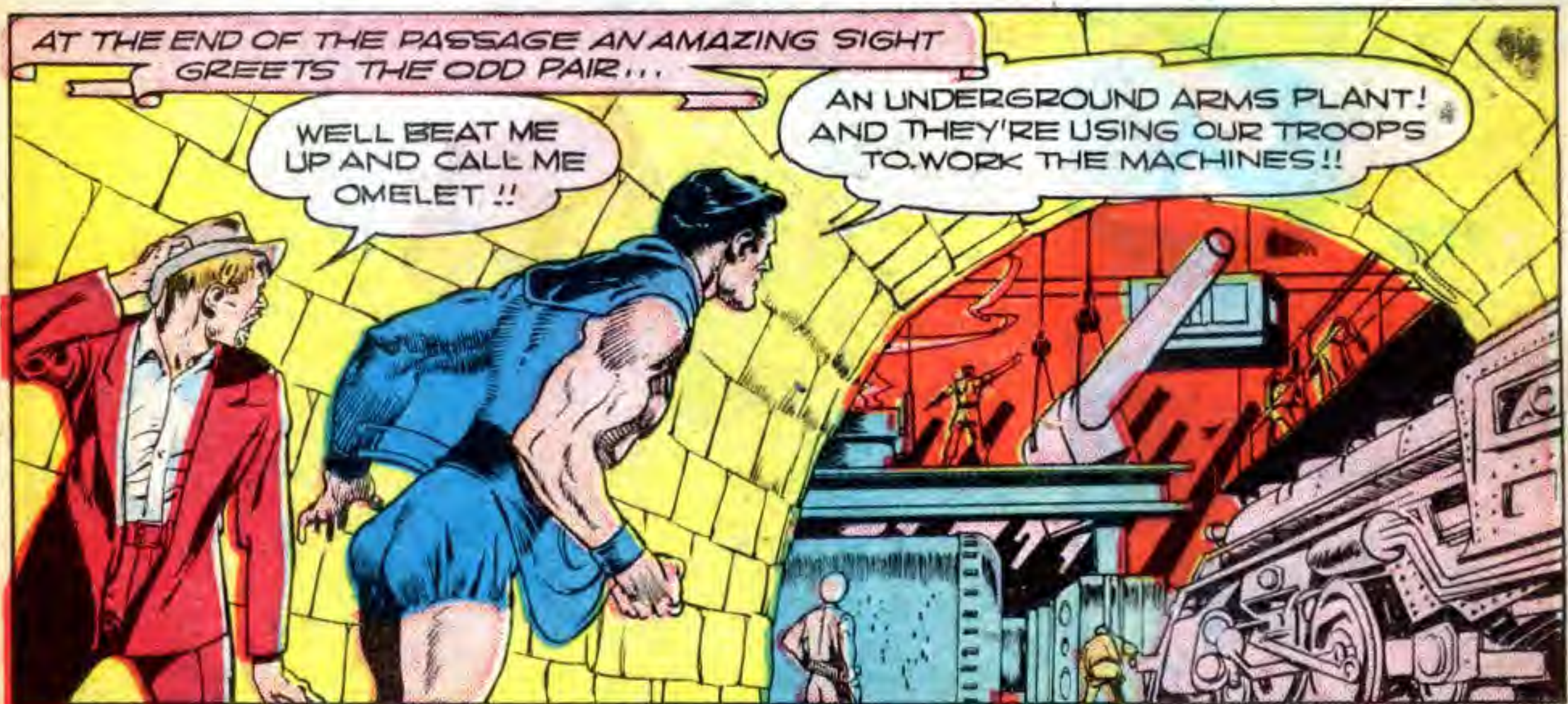
SERIOUS, J. EM ?

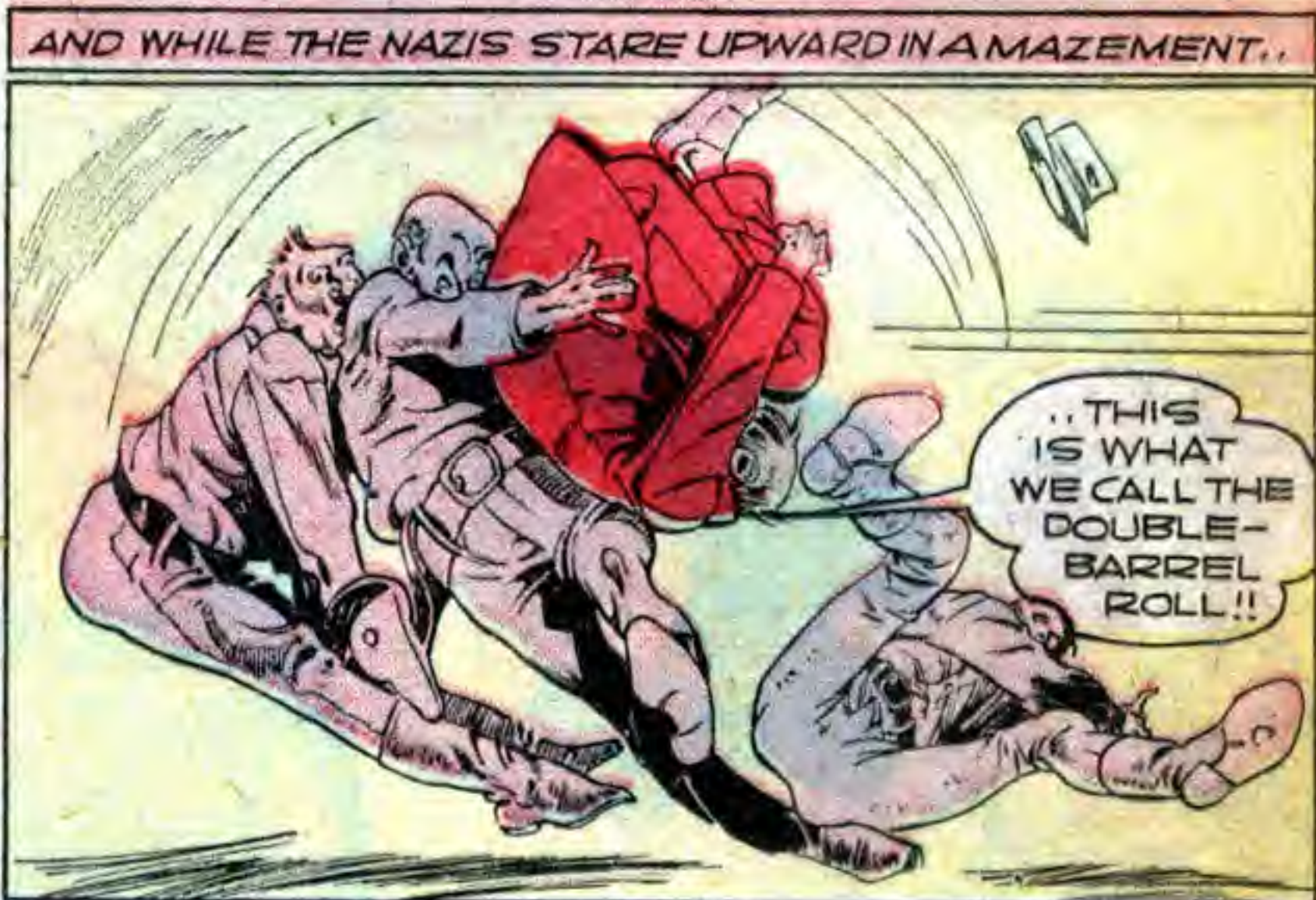
HMMM.. SERIOUS, BUT CONFIDENTIAL... SORRY, HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW..













WHILE THE HOBO DIVERTS THE GUARD'S ATTENTION...



A GRAND FREE-FOR-ALL SHAKES THE CAVERN AS THE ARMY BOYS BATTLE TOWARD THE CAPTIVE TRAIN...





SLOWLY THE TRAIN ROLLS
BACK INTO THE TUNNEL..

HEY!



DANGEROUS WARNINGS SOUND
FROM DEEP IN THE MINES..



BUT..

WE'VE REACHED
THE TOP, NOW WE'LL
SWITCH ONTO THE
MAIN TRACK,
QUICKLY!!

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, THE TRAIN EMERGES FROM
THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN....



A FEW DAYS
LATER, BACK
AT THE
CAPITOL...



SENATOR WRIGHT,
REMEMBER THAT SECRET
MESSAGE I GOT WHEN WE
WERE IN HERE BEFORE? WELL,
HERE'S THE MAN WHO
CLEARED THAT CASE FOR ME,
WITH THE HELP OF THE
BLACK CONDOR!

!GULP!:
WHAT?



YES, HE WAS
CLEVERLY DISGUISED
AS A HOBO... A
NEAT JOB...

OH, NOW I GET
IT... I MEAN,
S' PLEASURE TO
MEET YOU...
SHAKE!!!



More exciting adventures of The Black Condor in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.



HAVING BEEN GRANTED A TRANSFER TO JOIN THE AMERICAN PILOTS FIGHTING THE JAPANESE FORCES, TEX ADAMS AND HIS MECHANIC PAL, CHUCK, ARRIVE AT RANGOON ABOARD A BRITISH SUPPLY SHIP

A. McWilliams

WELL, CHUCK, WE'VE REACHED THE SOUTHERN TERMINUS OF THE BURMA ROAD AT LEAST-----!

YEAH, AND WHERE TO FROM HERE, TEX...?

GOSH, I DON'T KNOW--I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND THE LOCATION OF ANY AMERICAN SQUADRONS

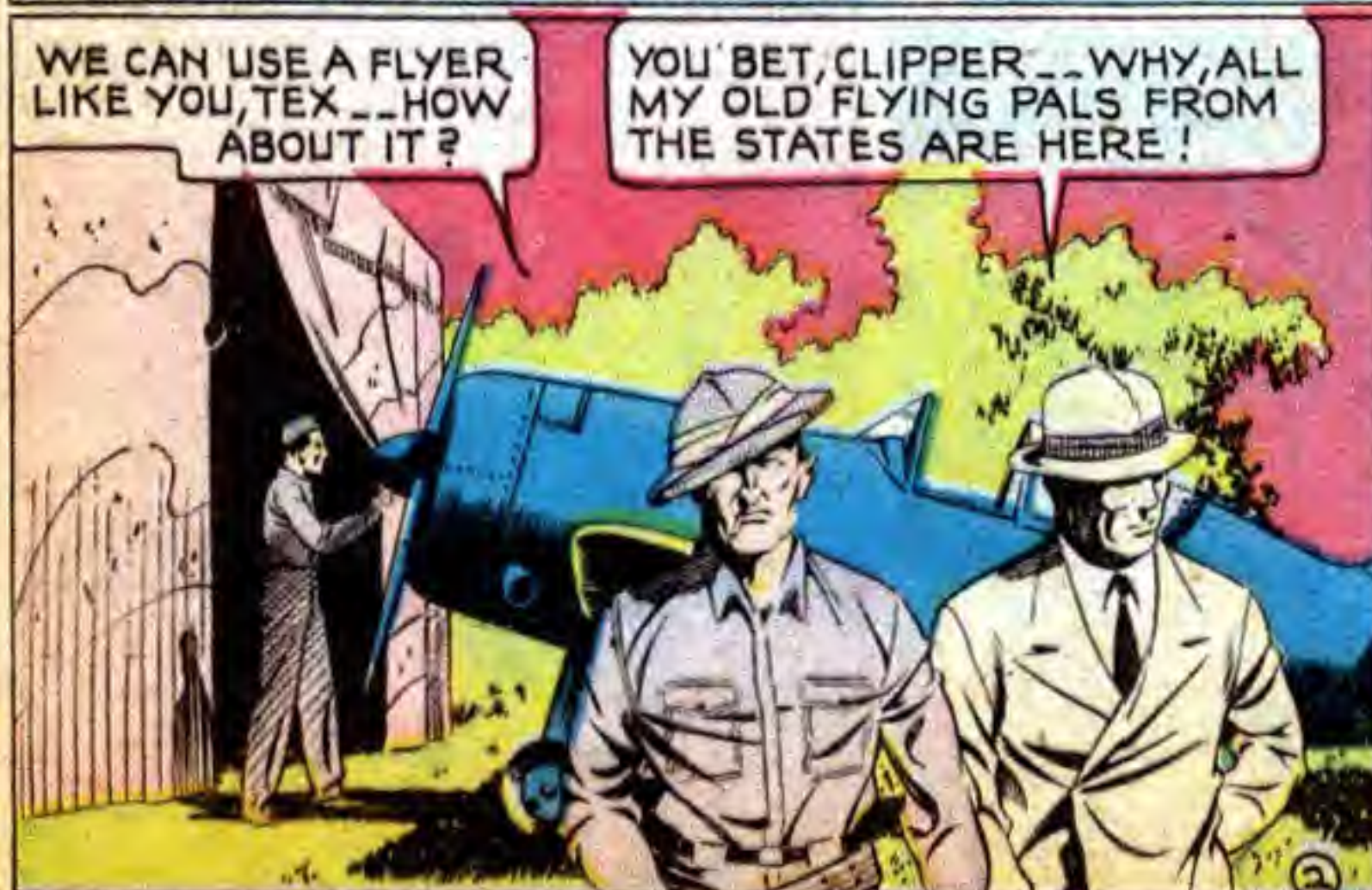
SO I GUESS WE COOL OUR HEELS IN RANGOON

AT THE DOCK, TEX AND CHUCK WATCH THE UNLOADING OF CRATED PLANES AND SUPPLIES





HOURS LATER AT THE AMERICAN SQUADRON'S FIELD, SOME-
WHERE ON THE BURMA ROAD, NEAR RANGOON



SUDDENLY AT THE OPERATIONS
HUT...



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES THE SQUADRON'S BREWSTER'S ARE ROARING ALOFT----



A FINE THING !! -- A BATTLE COMES UP... AND I'M LEFT STANDING HERE !!



HEY, TEX! THERE'S ONE OF THE NEW SHIPS OVER THERE, BUT IT HASN'T BEEN TESTED!

TELL 'EM TO GET HER WARMED UP! ---I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE!



ARMORERS AND MECHANICS SWARM OVER THE NEW PLANE

STEP ON IT, BOYS--THIS CRATE'S GOIN' PLACES!



BY THE TIME I GET UP THERE, THE REST OF THE SQUADRON 'WILL BE COMING BACK ---



HEY, TEX--TEX --LOOK--- THEY'RE COMING BACK !!

ALL SET!



THOSE AREN'T OUR SHIPS ----!! THEY'RE JAP MITSUBISHI LIGHT BOMBERS !!----MAN THE GROUND GUNS-----



WOW !! -- HERE I GO, READY OR NOT--!



TEX BLASTS DOWN THE FIELD IN A RECKLESS, HAIR RAISING TAKE OFF



THE JAP PLANES DIVE AT TEX...
TO TURN, MEANS DISASTER, HIS
ONLY CHANCE IS TO ATTACK ---

TEX ZOOMS STRAIGHT UP INTO THE
LEADING JAP FORMATION... AND
NAILS THE SQUADRON LEADER !!

OVER ON HIS BACK...
ANOTHER QUICK BURST...
AND THE SECOND JAP
SPINS DOWN... FLAMING !!



TWO OUT OF THE FIRST
THREE, THE THIRD JAP
SCARED OFF... NOW TO
BREAK UP THE SECOND
FORMATION OF THREE !!

PAYING NO ATTENTION
TO TEX DIVING ON THEM,
THE THREE JAP SHIPS
CONCENTRATE ON THEIR
OBJECTIVE... THE FIELD

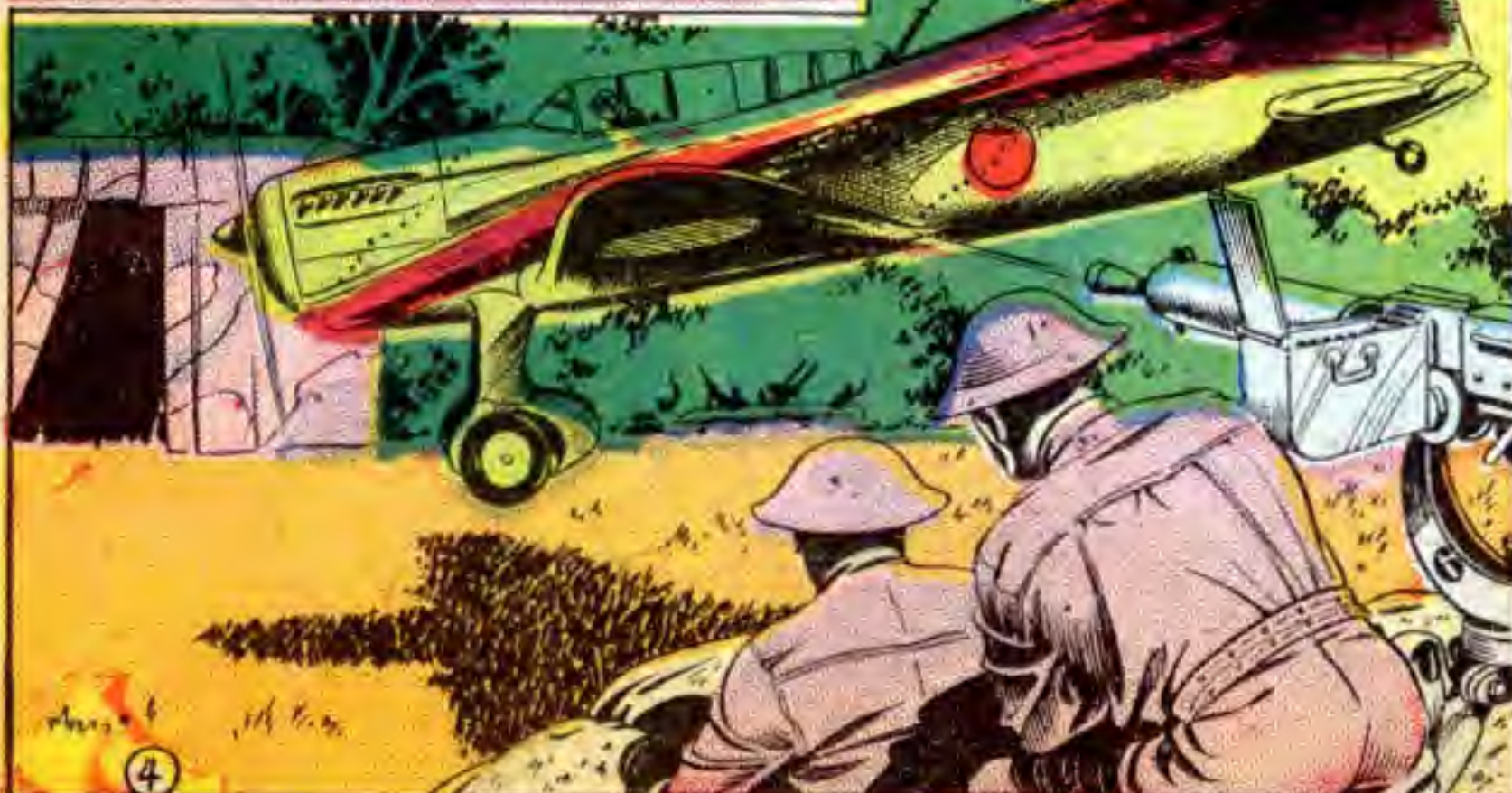
CHALK UP
NUMBER
THREE !!



HARRIED BY THE FAST AMERICAN
PLANE, THE REMAINING TWO JAP
PLANES OVERSHOOT THEIR
TARGET... AND ONE IS HIT BY
GROUND GUN FIRE ----!!

THE LEADER OF THE LAST
FORMATION DECIDES TO
CHANGE HIS TACTICS ----

ALL PLANES...
SHOOT DOWN
ACCURSED ENEMY
BEFORE ATTEMPTING
FURTHER BOMBING
RUNS ---



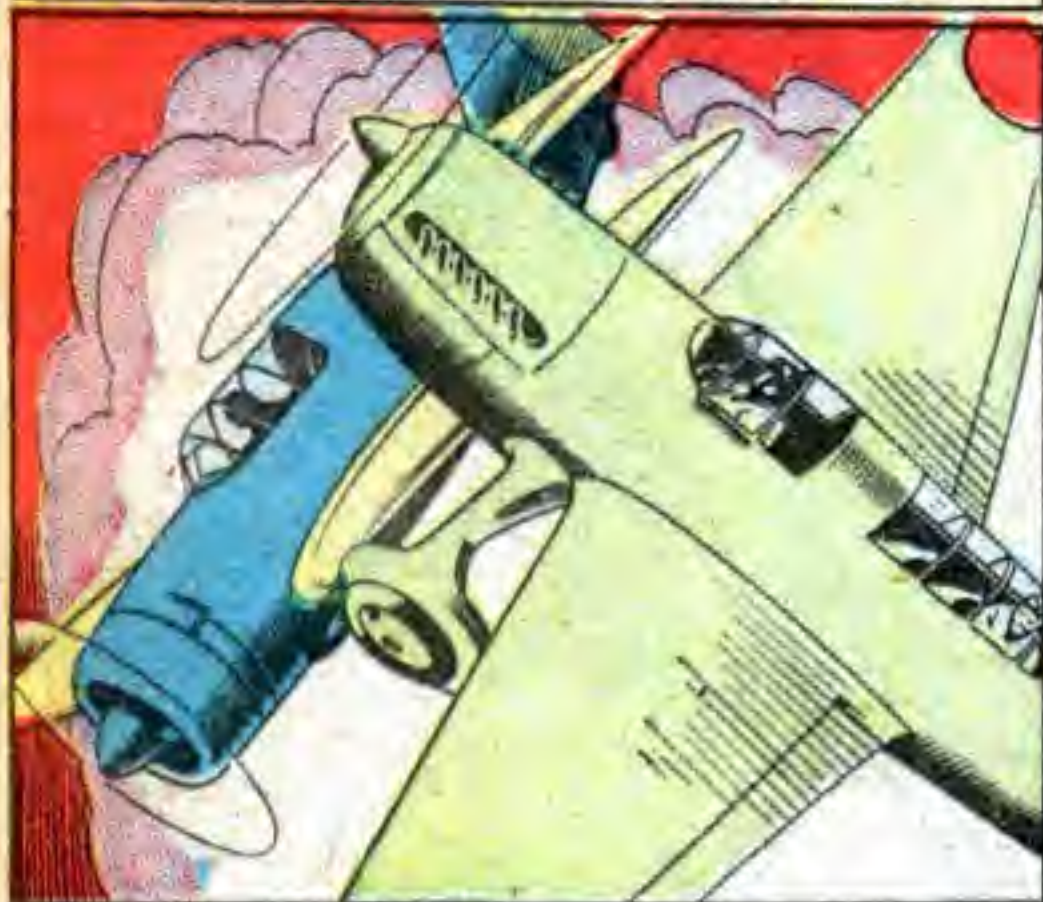
OH, OH !! THE REMAINING FIVE
ARE GANGING UP ON ME... !!
WELL, THIS WILL BE GOOD
WHILE I LAST !!



THE BREWSTER NEEDS ALL HER SUPERIOR SPEED AS SHE
TWISTS AND DODGES AMONG THE JAP PLANES



TEX WHIRLS IN AND OUT OF ONE LIGHT-
NING MANEUVER AFTER ANOTHER,
FIRING QUICK BURSTS, NOT DARING
TO TAKE THE TIME TO AIM CAREFULLY



CURSE HIM...!...I
CAN'T GET CLEAR
SHOT AT HIM !!...
HE LIKE MISERABLE
FLEA ---- !!



WHAT A FLYER...!!
BOYS... YOU'RE
WATCHIN' A
MASTER !!

HE'S
GOT
ANOTHER !!
HIS
FOURTH
VICTORY



-- IF I CAN KEEP 'EM
BUSY A LITTLE LONGER,
OUR PLANES SHOULD BE
COMING BACK ----



OH, OH... I DIDN'T SEE
THAT GUY !!... HE'S
RIDDLED THE MOTOR!
IT'S JAMMING UP... !!



THE AMERICAN PLANE GOES REELING
DOWN TOWARD THE JUNGLE BELOW...
TO CLOSE TO BAIL OUT----

SUCH A FLYER!
-- THE GODS
WILL REWARD
HIM WELL... !!
BANZAI--!



I CAN'T MAKE THE FIELD,
--THE ONLY OPEN SPOT
IS THAT STREAM BELOW!



WHEELS UP, TEX FISHTAILS THE
CRIPPLED BREWSTER DOWN---



MEANWHILE, THE FOUR JAP
PLANES PREPARE TO COMPLETE
THEIR BOMBING MISSION---



FORM IN LINE FOR
ATTACK--AT TH--
W-WHAT--?--I'M
SHOT--!!--BUT H---
HOW---



THE HOMECOMING BREWSTERS SCREAM
DOWN UPON THE DAZED JAPS--WIPING
THEM OUT IN A MATTER OF SECONDS---



HEY, TEX--ARE
YOU OKAY?

YEAH!--BUT I'D RATHER
FACE A HUNDRED JAPS
THAN MY PRESENT
COMPANY--!! GET ME
OUTA HERE !!



YOU SAVED OUR
FIELD FROM A
NASTY BOMBING,
TEX! ONLY TWO
JAP PLANES CAME
OVER RANGOON--
DECOYS TO DRAW
US THERE SO THIS
BUNCH COULD
BOMB THE FIELD!

LOOKS
LIKE
I HAD ALL
THE FUN,
EH, BOYS?





by VERNON HENKEL

THE ISLAND OF DREAD

IT IS LONG PAST MIDNIGHT AND THE U.S. EMBASSY IS ALIVE WITH EXCITEMENT...

SOON THE WHOLE WORLD LEARNS OF THE TRAGEDY...

PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS REPORT LOSS OF CLIPPER TO RIO DE JANEIRO.. THIS IS OFFICIAL!!

HOLY COW!! SECRETARY OF STATE JAMES CORDELL IS ABOARD THAT PLANE!!

..CORDELL LOST

MISSING PLANE BELIEVED FORCED DOWN OFF COAST OF BRAZIL

Q95

..SEC. OF STATE ON IMPORTANT LATIN-AMERICAN

..WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL BULLETIN.. SECRETARY OF STATE, JAMES CORDELL, IS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN FORCED DOWN OFF THE COAST OF BRAZIL DURING A SEVERE TROPICAL STORM.. THERE IS NO WORD OF THE POSITION OF THE DISASTER!



IN WASHINGTON, DON Q AND HIS PERSONAL VALET, LI'L PIERRE, HEAR THE REPORT...

CORDELL WAS INDISPENSABLE TO UNITE THE AMERICAS IN ITS WAR PROGRAM.. BUT HIS LOSS MUST NOT RETARD OUR PROGRESS!

M'SIEUR, ZE PRESIDENT EES ON ZE TELEPHONE!

YES?... YES, MR. PRESIDENT... I UNDERSTAND, SIR..
.. THANK YOU..
GOOD BYE!!

WHAT EES EET?
..YOU LOOK PALE!!

MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO CHARTER A PLANE, PIERRE.. I'VE JUST BEEN APPOINTED ACTING SECRETARY OF STATE!!

MEANWHILE, IN SECRET QUARTERS..

AND A FEW HOURS

LATER

WELL, WE'RE OFF, PIERRE, BUT I WISH THEY WOULD FIND CORDELL!!

..THIS ISS PRETZER FROM W. D. C. ... NEW ENVOY, DON Q, ON WAY TO S.A. CONFERENCE... PROCEED AS INSTRUCTED!

YOUR FLYING IS GREATLY IMPROVED, PIERRE, YOU SHOULD HAVE ACCEPTED THAT COMMISSION IN THE R.A.F.!!

HA!! EET WOULD NOT BE EXCITING EENOUGH!

WASHINGTON

ROUTE OF DON Q'S TRIP TO RIO..

BRAZIL

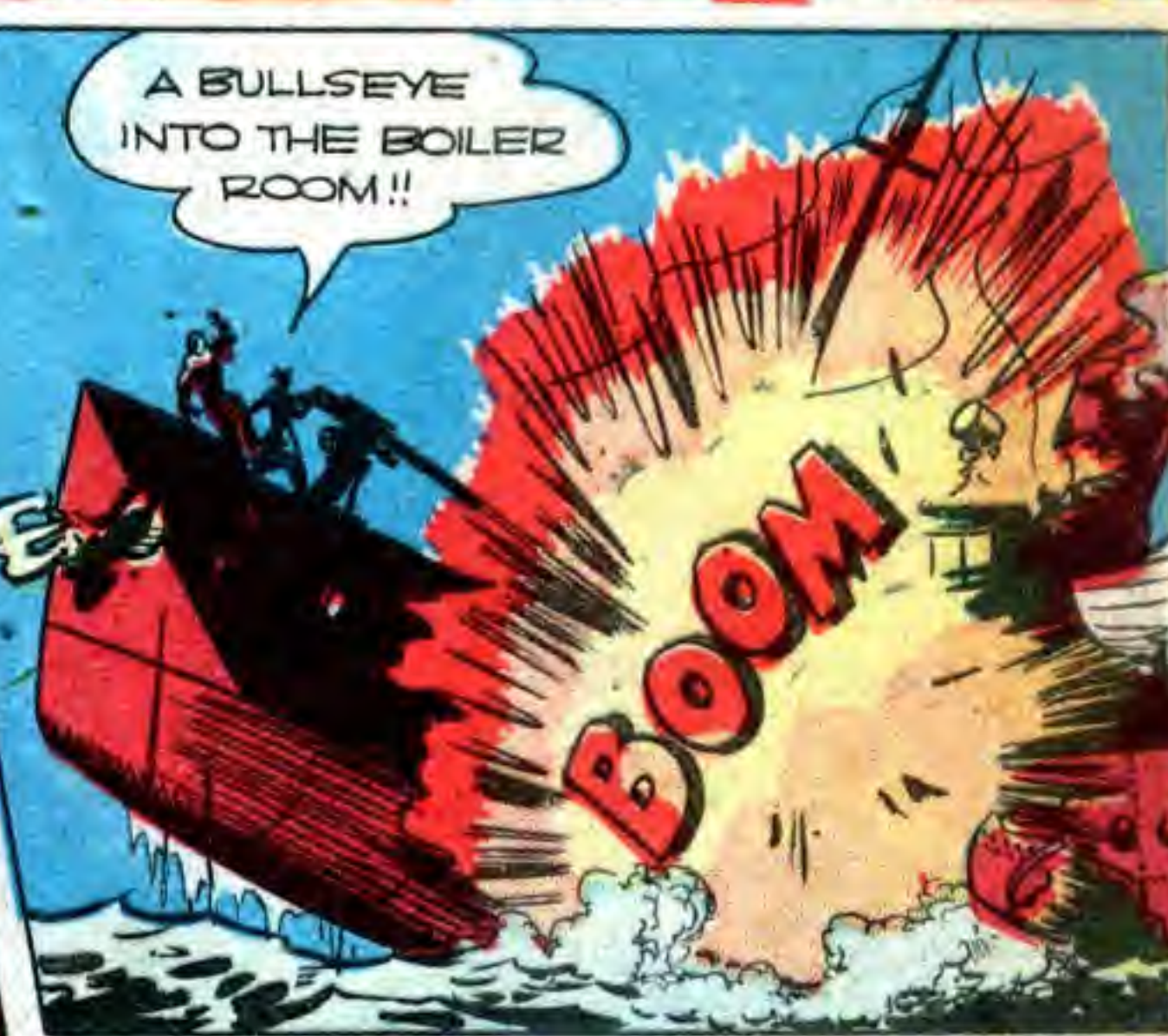
BUT AS DON Q FLIES OFF THE STEAMING COAST OF GUIANA...

SHELL BURSTS! PIERRE, WE'VE RUN INTO ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!!



A DISGUISED RAIDER RACES UP TO PICK ITS VICTIMS...







AN EVIL LOOKING ISLAND, IF I EVER SAW ONE.. I HOPE THERE'S FRESH WATER ON IT!!



BANG



OW!! I'M NICKED IN THE ARM!!



THE SHOT CAME FROM THAT PALM GROVE..LET'S RUSH IT!!



GOT YOU!!

W-WHY... EET'S A GIRL!

OH! I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE NAZIS ..THIS HEAT MUST HAVE..

WAIT A MINUTE!! AREN'T YOU JAMES CORDELL'S PRIVATE SECRETARY?



YES!! WE WERE SHOT DOWN OFF THIS ISLAND..CORDELL AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES TO REACH IT ALIVE!!



..BUT THAT NIGHT SOMETHING DREADFUL CAME OUT OF THE JUNGLE ..A BEAST-LIKE MONSTER STRUCK HIM DOWN AND CARRIED HIM AWAY... OHH..IT WAS HORRIBLE!!

THEN HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE!!

WE'LL TRY TO PICK UP THE TRAIL!



WE'LL FOLLOW THIS PATH UP TO THAT ROCKY CLIFF!!



LOOK OUT!!



WHEW! THERE GOES YOUR MONSTER,, AFTER HIM!!



(PUFF) I MUST KILL THEM,, KILL! KILL!!



YOU WON'T GET THAT CHANCE!

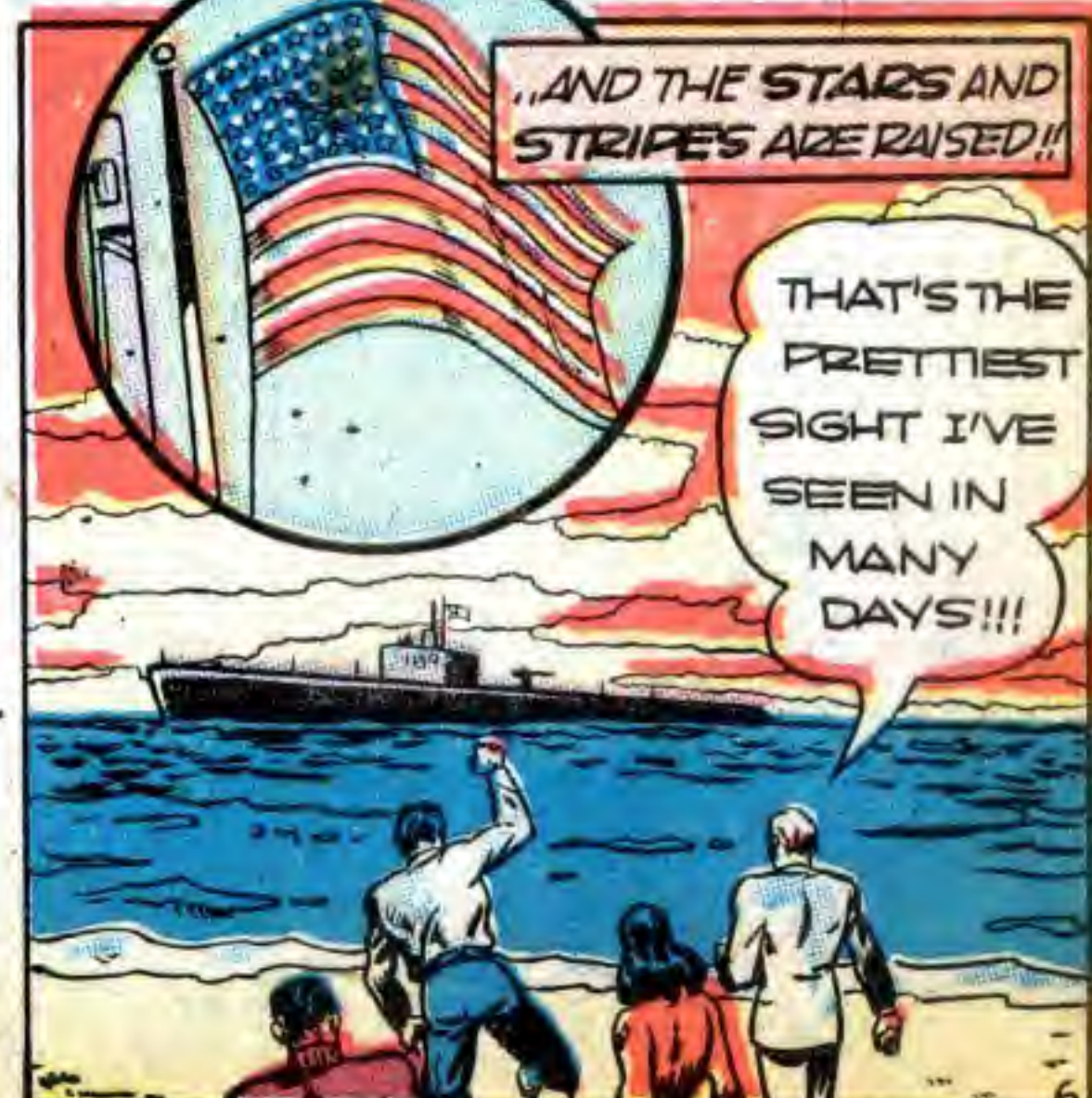
THE POOR NUT MUST'VE BEEN STRANDED ON THIS ISLAND FOR YEARS!

DON Q REACHES A CAVE AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF, WHERE HE FINDS....



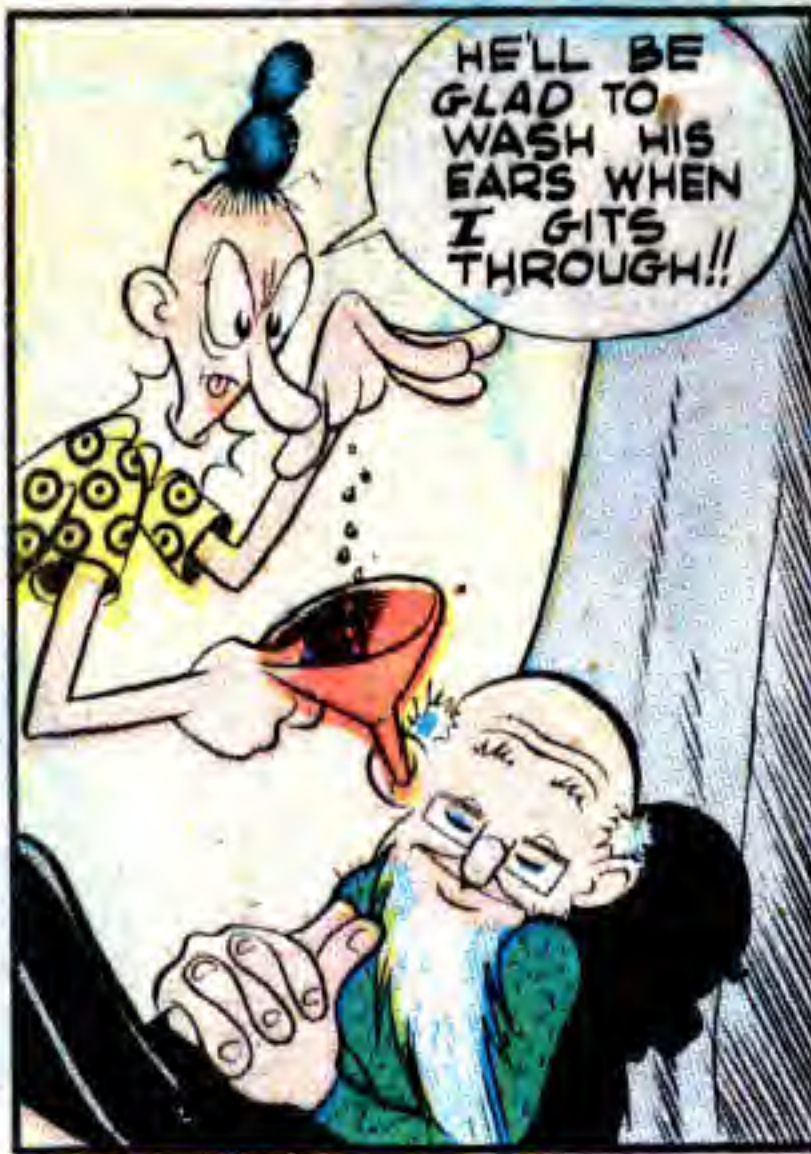
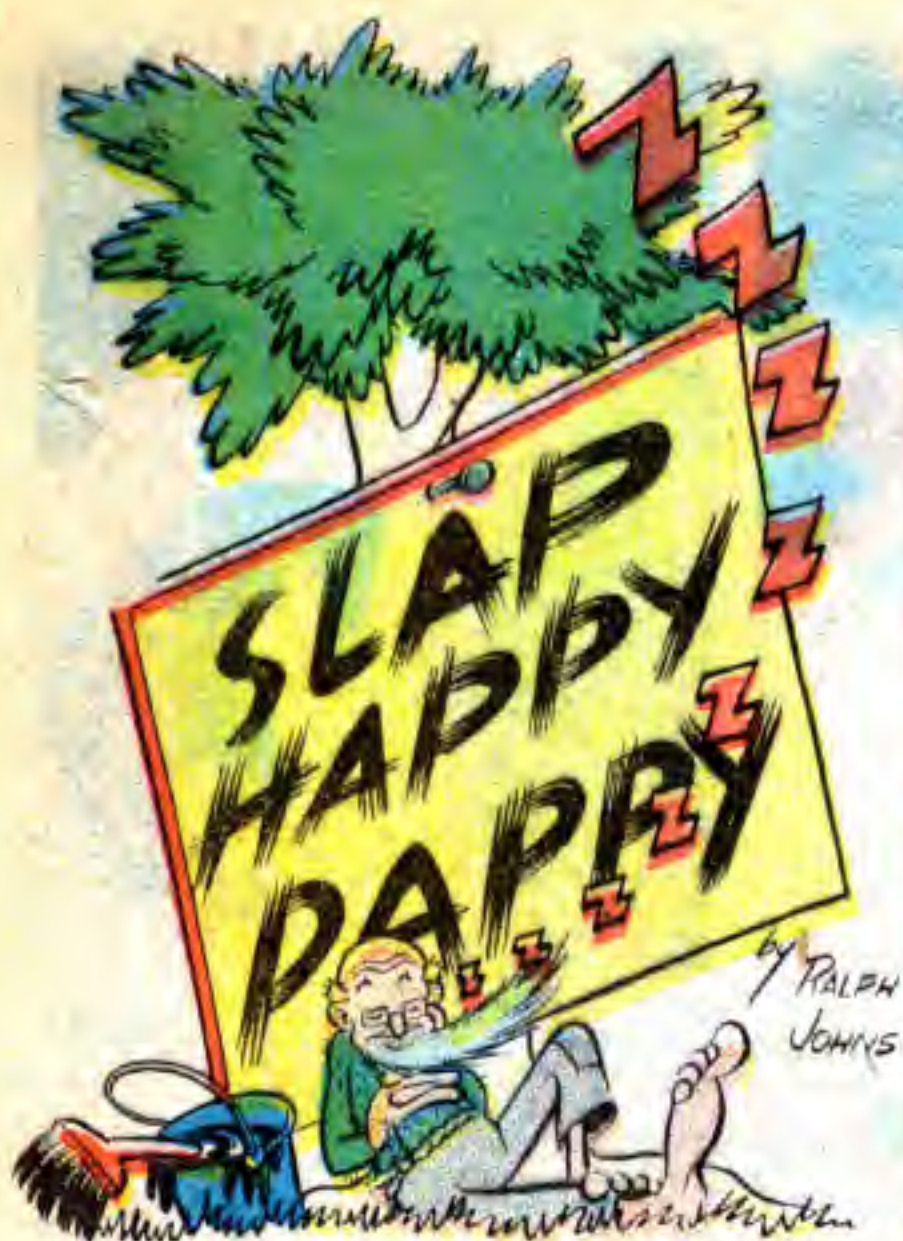
SECRETARY OF STATE CORDELL!

AFTER RESCUING CORDELL, THE CASTAWAYS. LIGHT A SIGNAL FIRE ATOP THE ROCK... THE NEXT DAY A SUBMARINE BREAKS SURFACE...



..AND THE STARS AND STRIPES ARE RAISED!!

THAT'S THE PRETTIEST SIGHT I'VE SEEN IN MANY DAYS!!!

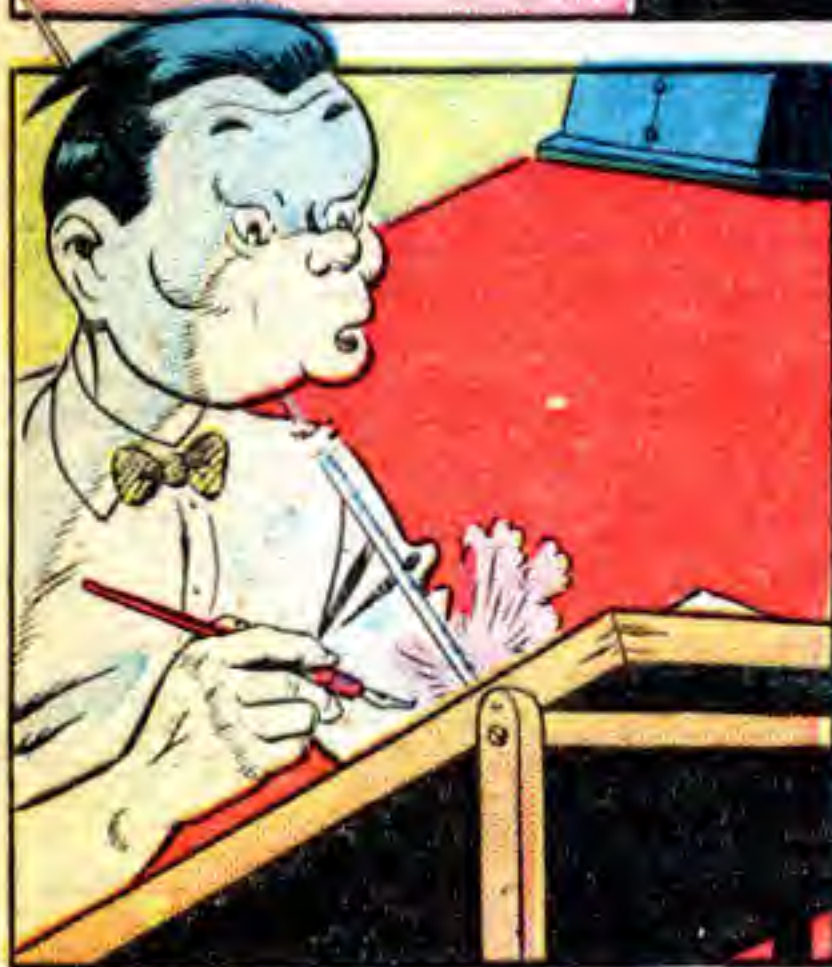


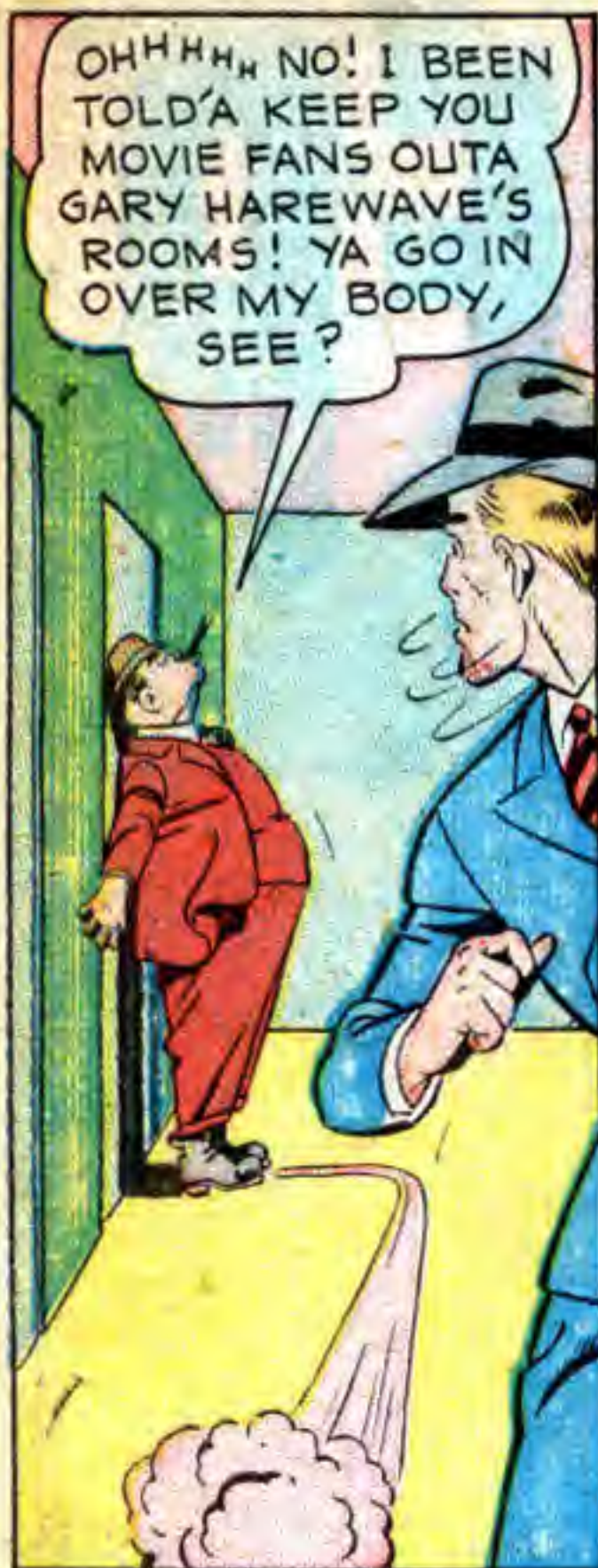
PEN MILLER

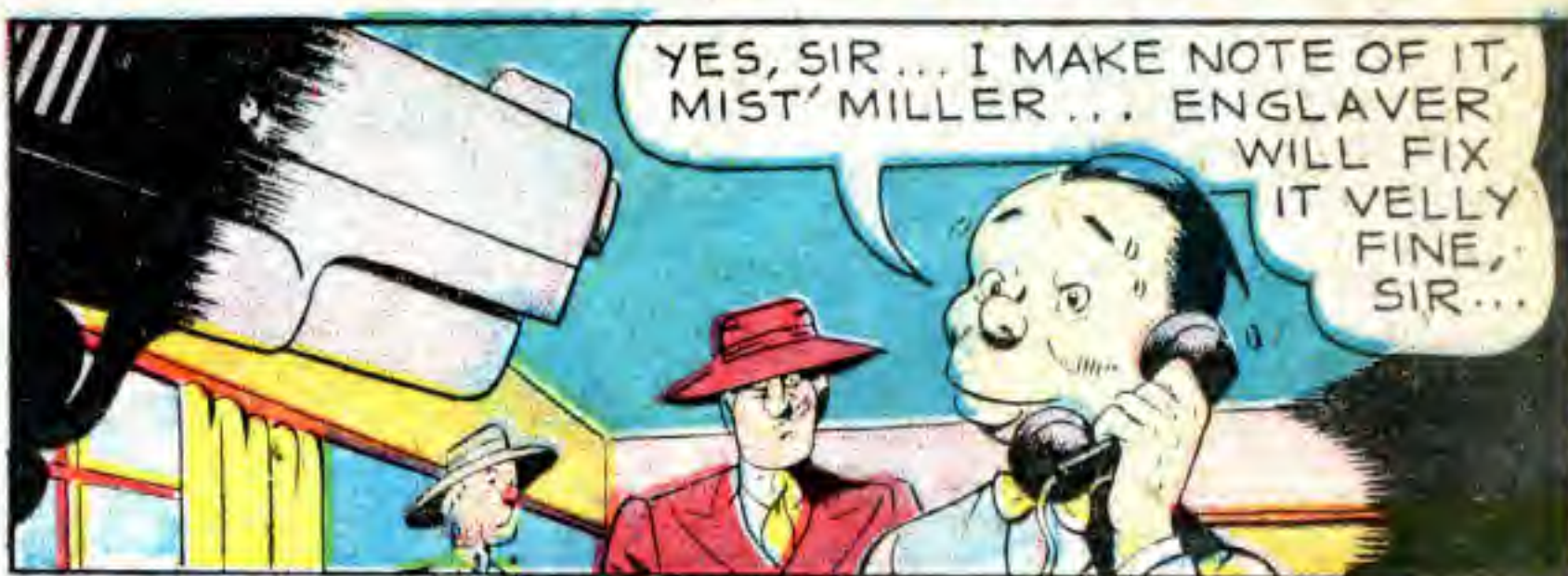
PEN MILLER, CARTOONIST AND DETECTIVE EXTRAORDINARY, APPLIES HIS PEN AND INK TO EXPOSE ANOTHER RACKET, THE INTIMIDATION OF HARMLESS ALIENS..



..BY SHARP-WITTED EXTORTIONISTS. HIS CHINESE HOUSEBOY SITS LETTERING THE LATEST STORY ... WHEN A WINDOW PANE IS SHATTERED BY A BULLET!









I THOUGHT PEN MILLER WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A TOUGH GUY TO TACKLE! **HAW HAW!!**



THIS IS WHERE WE GET OUT, BRIGHT EYES!



ISN'T THIS WHERE INSPECTOR NAYLEM LIVES?

YEAH.. WE GOT AN APARTMENT RIGHT UNDER HIM, JUST TO FOOL THE COPS.. AIN'T THAT CUTE?



WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' ME ATAX? WHAT'S YER PHONE NUMBER, MILLER?



'S FUNNY...??
LINE'S BUSY...???



.. I UNDERSTAND, MIST' MILLER...
YES, SIR... NO, SIR... YES SIR... NO SIR...

I NEVER KNEW TWO GUYS WITH SO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT..
JUS' LIKE A COUPL'A WOMEN!



I'LL TRY AGAIN...

WELL...

WELL..WHAT?

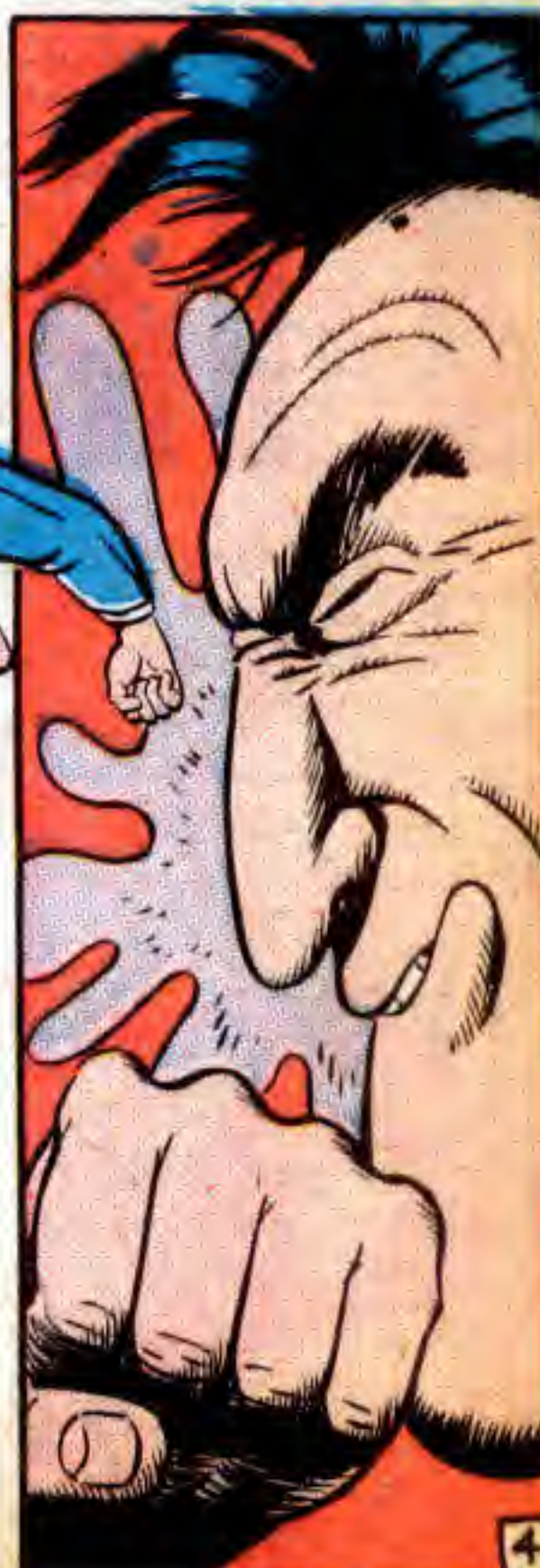


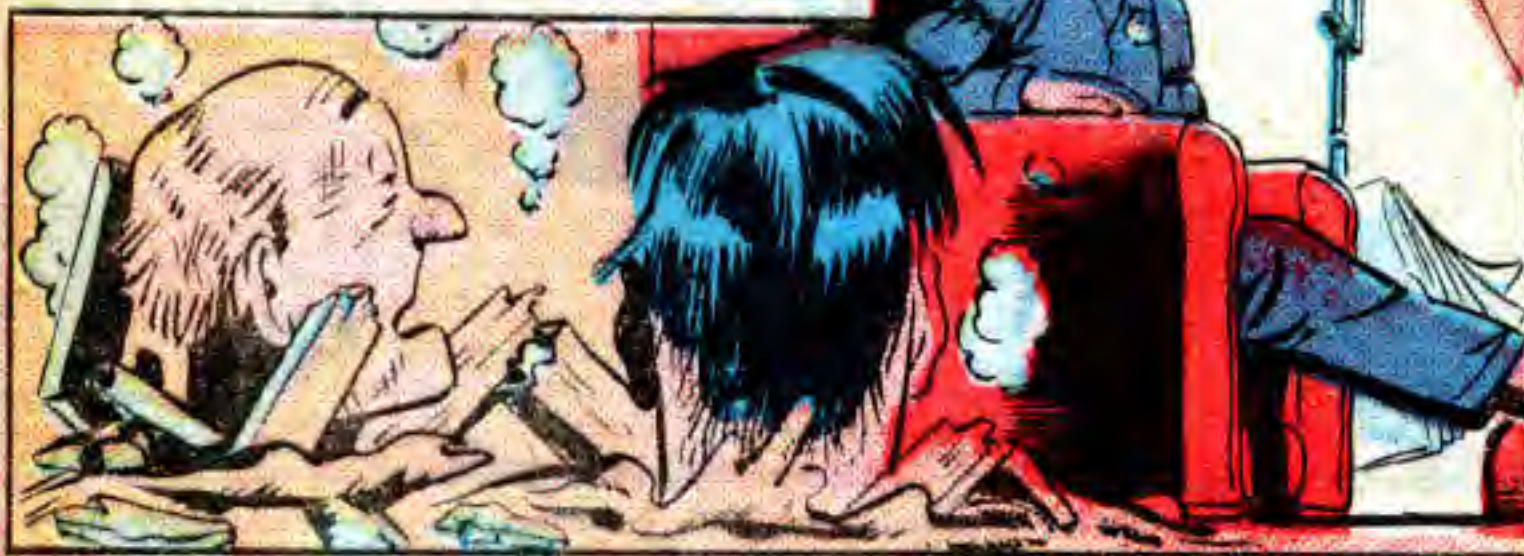
I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE YOU BOYS BRINGING ME UP HERE...
I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF NEW MATERIAL TO WORK ON..

ARE YOU NUTS?
?

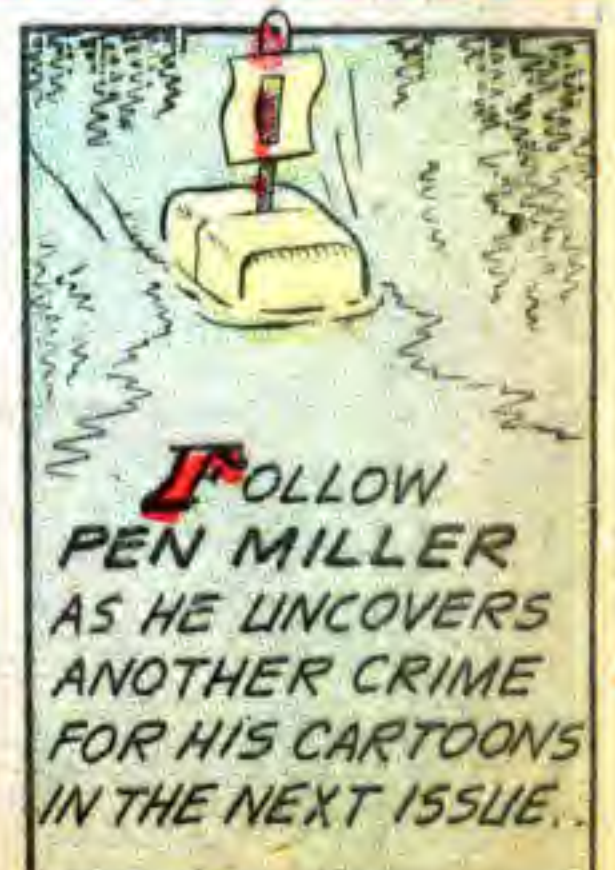


WE'LL LEAVE THAT UP TO THE JURY!





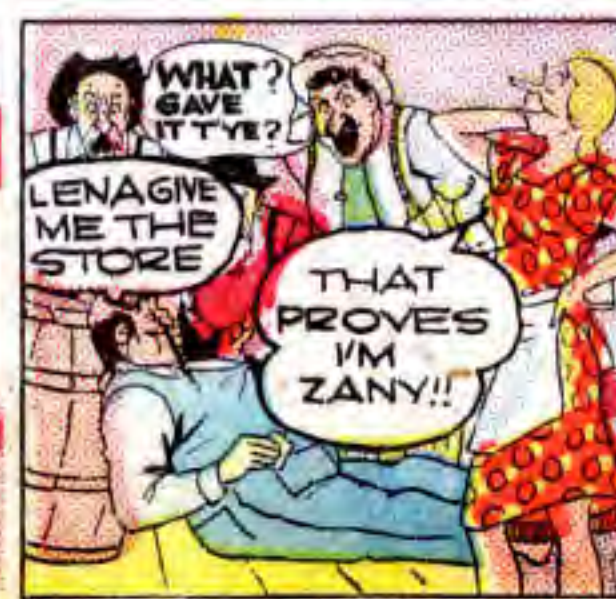
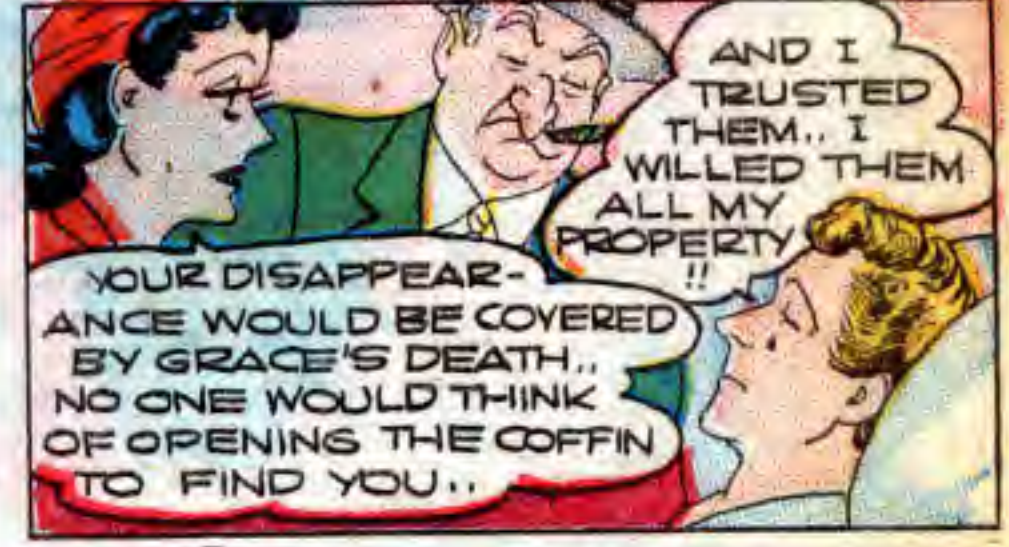
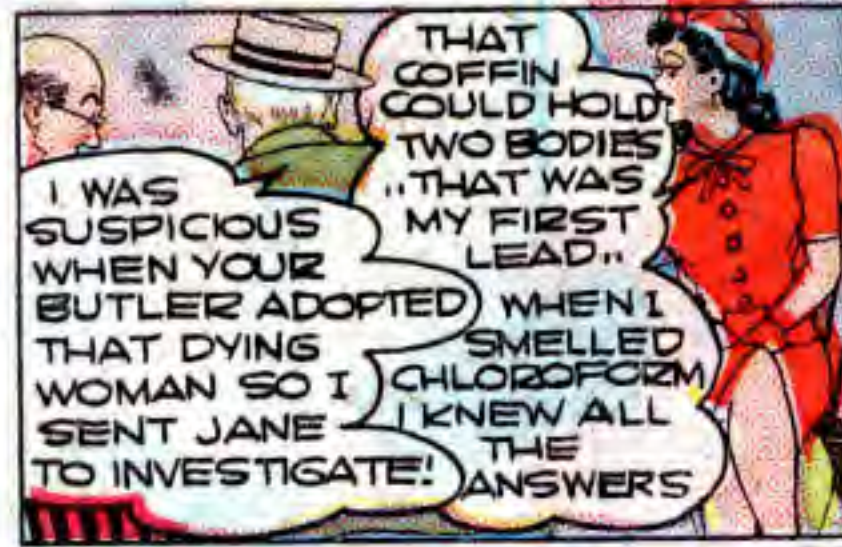
PEN RETURNS TO HIS STUDIO.



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barret

Ross



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHIEF? SOMETHING WRONG?

PLENTY.. NOTHIN' YOU CAN PRINT, YET!

COME ALONG, I NEED YOUR HELP!

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
JIM FORTER
CHIEF OF INVESTIGATION

FORMULA K HAS BEEN STOLEN.. IT'S THE SECRET OF THE DEADLIEST EXPLOSIVE IN THE WORLD!

THE SENATE COMMITTEE BURNED ITS MINUTES TO KEEP IT A SECRET..

LET ME PHONE MY OFFICE!

WE CAN'T PRINT A THING TILL THE CASE IS SOLVED, ED.. BUT IT'S BIG !!!

MR. FORTER? I'M DR. BLASSTON, INVENTOR OF FORMULA K..

THIS IS MY BROTHER, CONRAD, MY ASSISTANT JOHN HADDING IS COMING !!

WHEN DID THE FORMULA DISAPPEAR? WHERE WAS IT KEPT? TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW!

YOU THINK YOU HAVE.. IT'S BEEN OPENED WITHOUT BREAKING THE LOCK !! WHO HAD THE KEY COPIED ??

THERE'S A LOCK BOX HIDDEN BEHIND THIS PANEL.. IT HAS AN INTRICATE LOCK AND I HAVE THE ONLY KEY!!

NO ONE.. I KEEP THE KEY WITH ME ALWAYS !!

IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DUPLICATED !!!

JOHN HADDING MUST'VE HAD CHANCES

I TRUST HADDING IMPLICITLY !!!

YOUR PHONE'S RINGING.. IT MAY BE YOUR ASSISTANT !!!

POOR CHAP.. IF HE STOLE IT.. HE PAID FOR IT WITH HIS LIFE !!!

TELL 'EM NOT TO TOUCH ANYTHING !!!

WHAT? HADDING? POOR FELLOW!!

I GAVE MY STORE TO DAN'L TO SEE IF DANDY JIM WAS MARRYIN' ME FOR MY MONEY!

NOW I WANT MY STORE BACK, DAN'L!!

Y'KNOW LENA, THIS HYAR'S A MIGHTY NICE STORE!

THAT'S WHY I WANT IT BACK !!!

I CAN'T REC'LECT NOTHIN' SAID 'BOUT GIVIN' IT BACK!

WELL I DO AND I WANT IT BACK NOW GET OUT!!

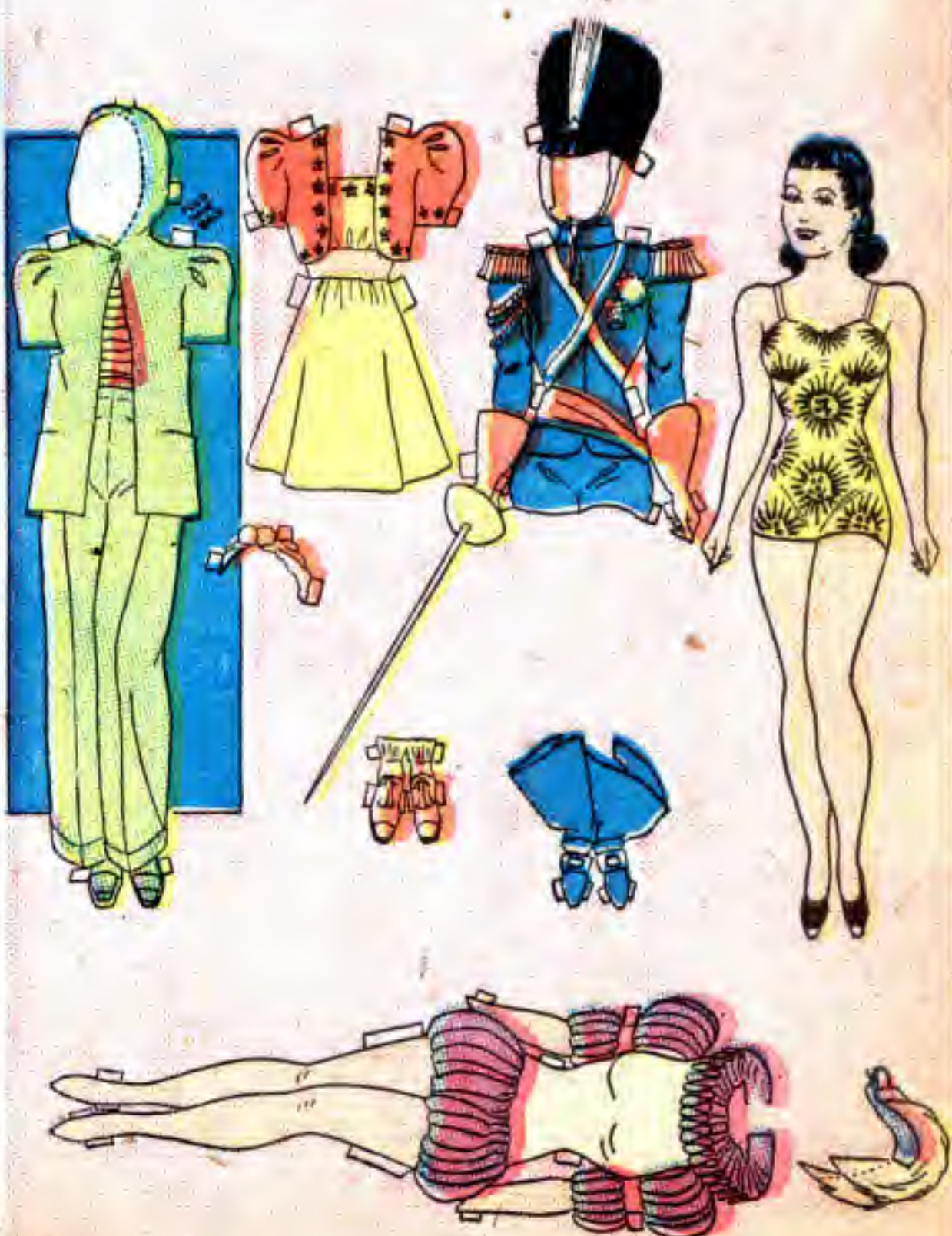
TSK.. TSK.. THET PROVES IT!!

PROVES WHAT?

THET YORE ZANY! WANTIN' DAN'L T'GIVE YE HIS STORE!

YEP, PLUMB ZANY!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

By Alunio Barrett

WE FOUND YOUR ASSISTANT, HADDING, DEAD IN HIS CAR, SIR. NO-THING HAS BEEN TOUCHED..

SO IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.. I WAS AFRAID THAT...

FORMULA K!! THIS IS IT!

SO HADDING STOLE IT.. HE WAS KILLED BEFORE HE COULD DISPOSE OF IT..

LUCKY FOR US!!

HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!!

DIDN'T SEE THE TRAIN 'CAUSE OF THAT CURVE

HERE ARE HIS PAPERS ..A WAR DEPARTMENT SEALED ENVELOPE

DR. BLASS-TON.. COME, HAVE A LOOK!!



YOU WERE RIGHT.. HADDING WASN'T A THIEF!!



HE HAD THE FORMULA IN HIS POCKET !!!

I HAVE MY DOUBTS ..BUT...

WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND, JANE?

HADDING WASN'T KILLED BY THE TRAIN ..HE WAS MURDERED AND THIS WRECK WAS STAGED

GO BACK TO THE CAR.. THERE'S NO BLOOD IN IT..

WHY DIDN'T THE KILLER TAKE THE FORMULA?

HE COULD HAVE COPIED IT!!



DAN'L SIGN-ED SAYING HE'D GIVE ME THE STORE..

I NEVER WRIT THET.. I CAIN'T WRITE..

TRUE!



I WROTE IT.. HE PUT HIS X HERE, SEE?

KIN YO' PROVE THET'S HIS X?



I GAVE HIM THE STORE TEMPOR-ARILY..

SHE SAID SHE GIMME TH' STORE, DIDN'T SHE?

THET'S HOW SHE PROVED SHE WUZ ZANY!!



AN' SHE AIR PLUM ZANY!!

ZANY AS A LOON!!



A ZANY HEN-HUSSY WOULD N'T GIT ME TO GIVE IT BACK!



SHE'S ZANY.. SAID SO HERSELF !!

THEN THIS IS BOUND T'BE MY STORE, I AIN'T IT?

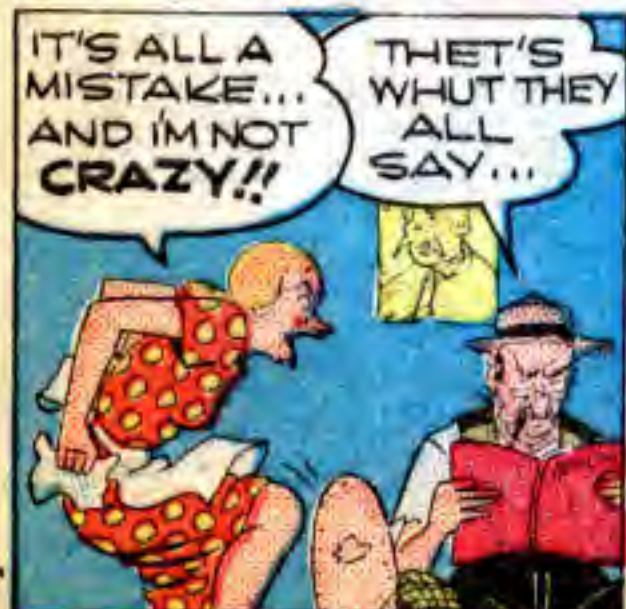
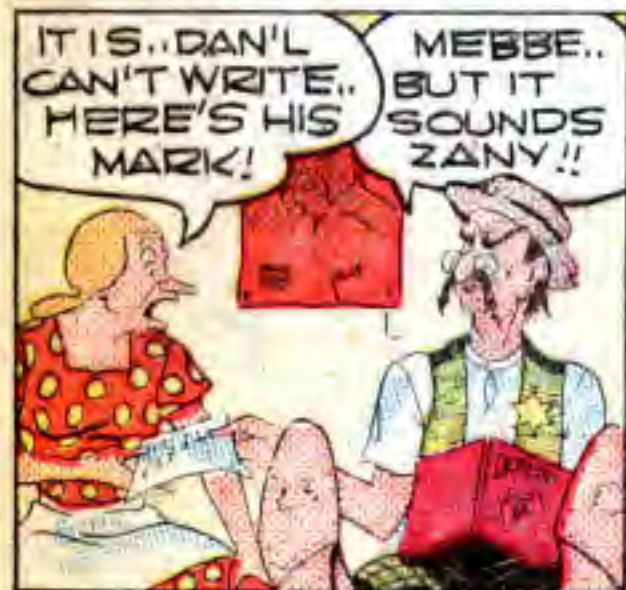
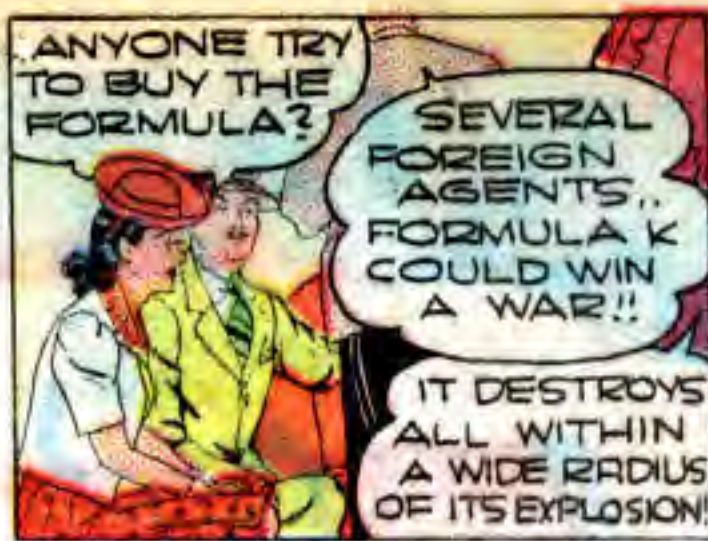
'COURSE IT TIS!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE..



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Ross



Jane Arden is continued in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

MOLLY the MODEL

AH, NOTHING LIKE THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING TO BRING OUT THE BASEBALL BATS!

Y'SEE, FIRST YA GOTTA GET BALANCE LIKE JOE DI MAGGIO DOES!

BUT, HERE, SON! YOUR FORM IS A'WFUL: LEMME GIVE YOU A FEW TIPS!

OKAY, KEN, LET HIM 'HAVE ONE!

NOW I PUT EVERY OUNCE OF WEIGHT AND MUSCLE BEHIND IT!

BUT ABOVE ALL I TRY TO PLACE IT WHERE IT'LL GET THE BEST RESULTS!

WOW! LOOK AT FATTY! HIT IT!

IT'S HEAD!

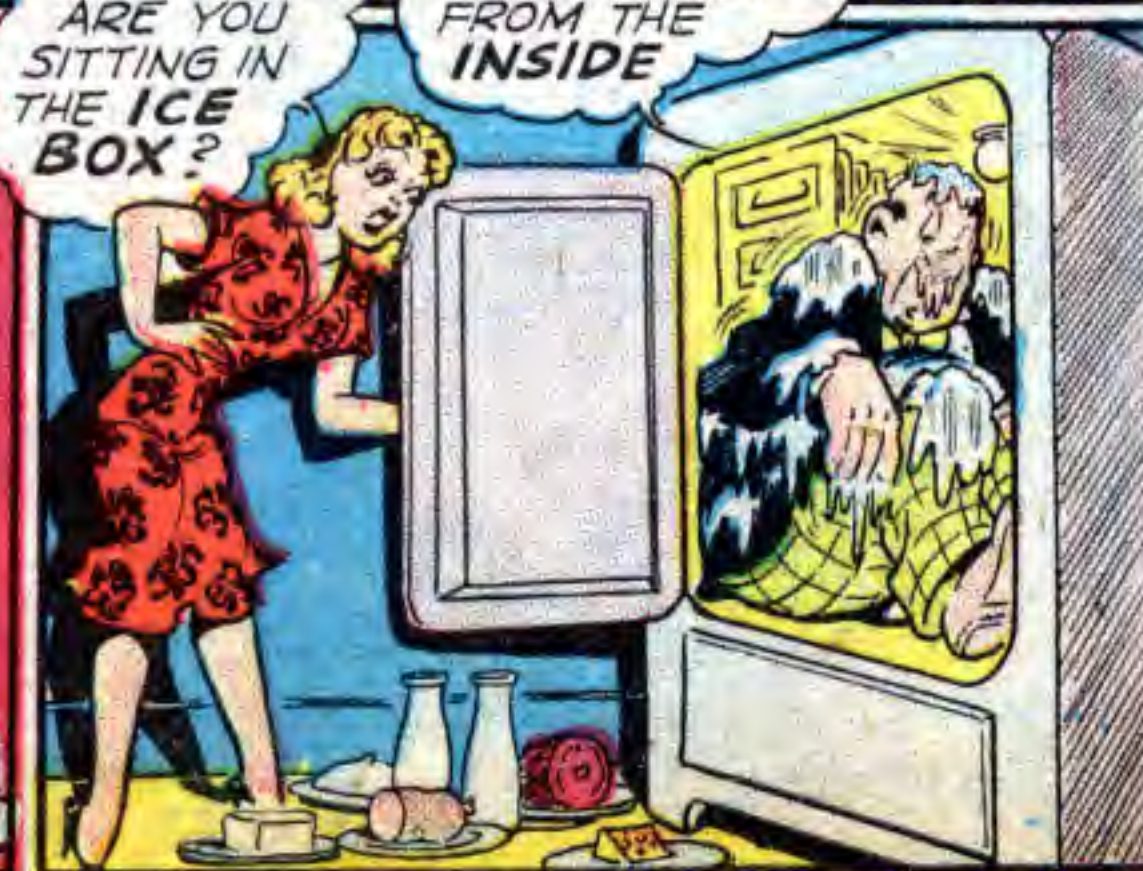
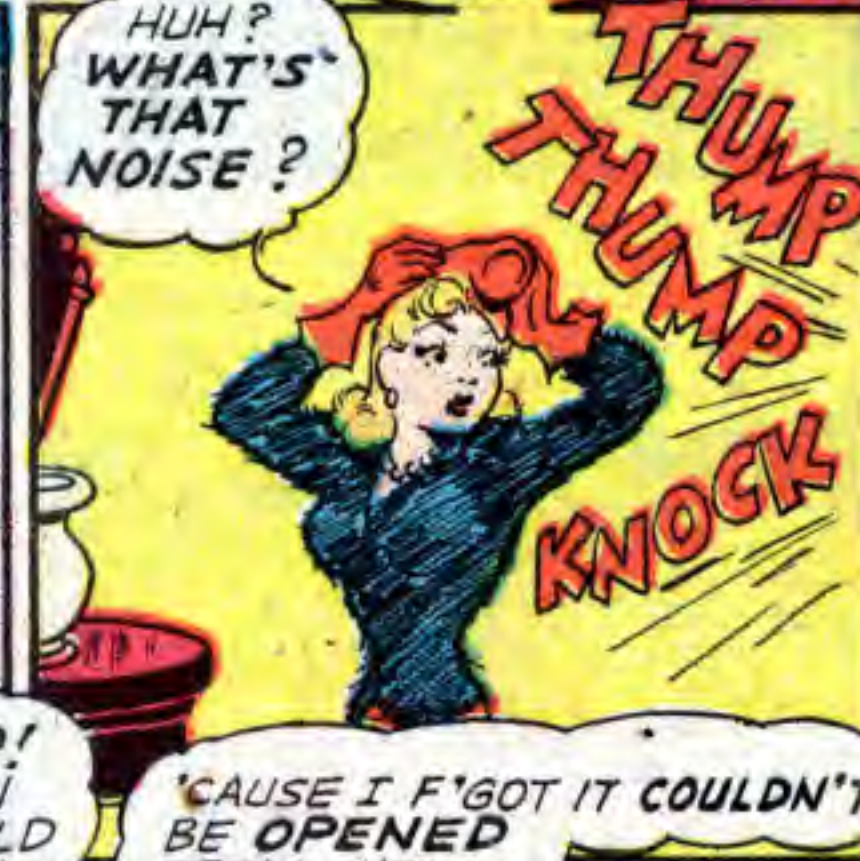
AND THIS PRICELESS CELLINI IS YOURS FOR ONLY NINE THOUSAND AND --

BASE RUNNING SO HELP ME!

AND NOW, KIDDIES, THAT OUR LITTLE HITTING INSTRUCTION IS OVER I'LL SHOW YOU SOME FANCY--



MOLLY *the* MODEL





TWISTED TAILS



THE VANITY TABLE OF VALARIE HUFF WAS LOADED WITH PERFUME AND LOTIONS AND STUFF..



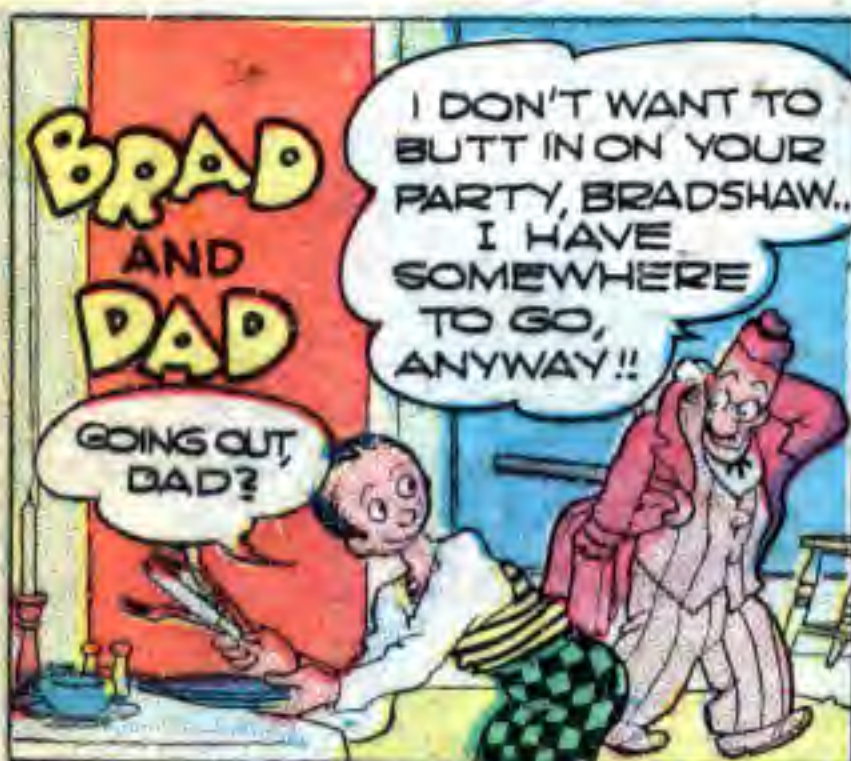
WHILE LOOK AT THE DRESSER OF TILLIE O'GUSH, WITH NOTHING IN SIGHT BUT A COMB AND A BRUSH..



BE PREPARED DEAR READER, TO SHED A FEW TEARS.. HERE'S THE WAY LITTLE VALARIE REALLY APPEARS..



WHILE THE MAP OF MISS TILLIE.. THOUGH STRANGE IT MAY SEEM.. HAS THE VELVETY BEAUTY OF PEACHES AND CREAM!!



BRAD AND DAD

I DON'T WANT TO BUTT IN ON YOUR PARTY, BRADSHAW.. I HAVE SOMEWHERE TO GO, ANYWAY!!

GOING OUT, DAD?



IT'S TOO EARLY TO GO HOME YET.. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO TO ANOTHER MOVIE!!



TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE.. I'VE SEEN THE SAME NEWSREEL FOUR TIMES !!



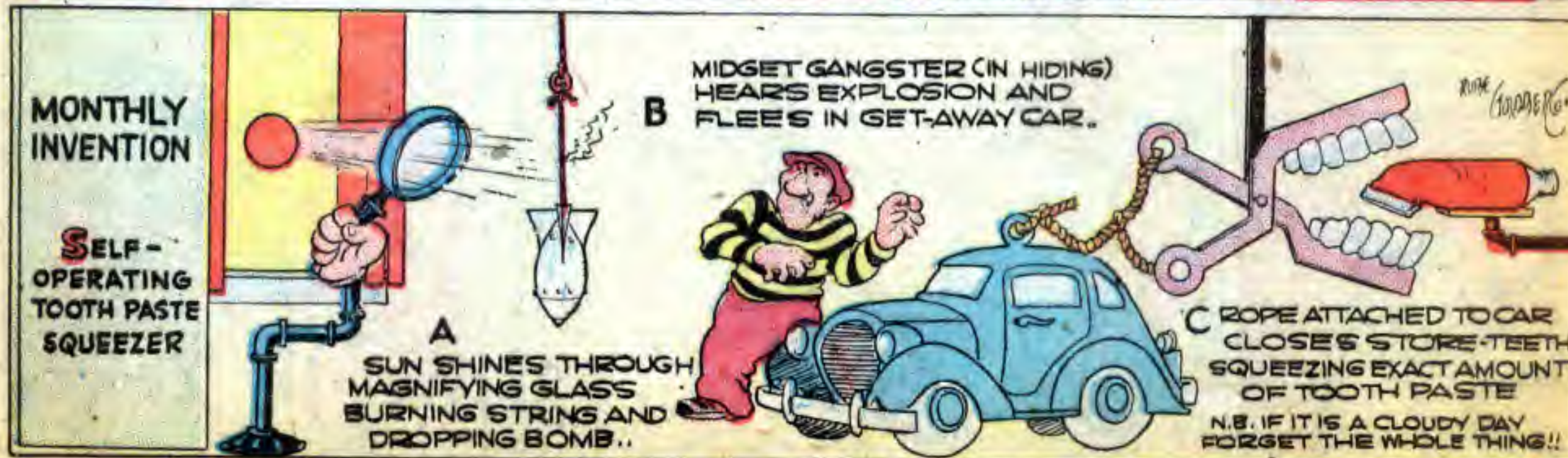
TWELVE-THIRTY AND THOSE KIDS ARE STILL HERE.. I'LL SIT ACROSS IN THE PARK WHERE I CAN WATCH THE HOUSE..



THREE O'CLOCK AND THE LIGHTS ARE STILL BURNING.. I GOTTA GO IN NOW.. I'LL TELL 'EM I WAS AT A POKER GAME..



OH, IS THAT YOU, DAD? THE GANG WENT HOME AT TEN-THIRTY AND I GUESS I LEFT THE LIGHTS BURNING !!!



MIDGET GANGSTER (IN HIDING) HEARS EXPLOSION AND FLEES IN GET-AWAY CAR..

B



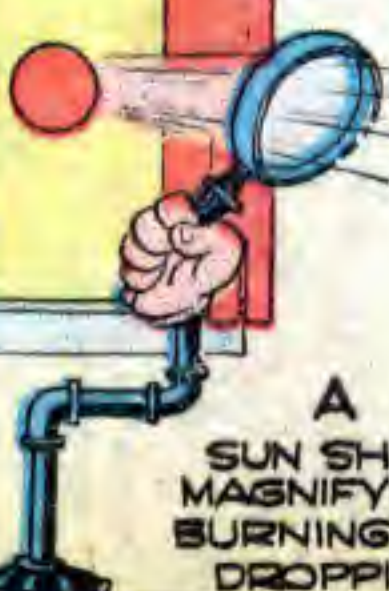
A

SUN SHINES THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS BURNING STRING AND DROPPING BOMB..

C

ROPE ATTACHED TO CAR CLOSES STORE-TEETH SQUEEZING EXACT AMOUNT OF TOOTH PASTE N.B. IF IT IS A CLOUDY DAY FORGET THE WHOLE THING!!

MONTHLY INVENTION SELF-OPERATING TOOTH PASTE SQUEEZER



Follow Plastic Man in POLICE COMICS — new, different, unusual.

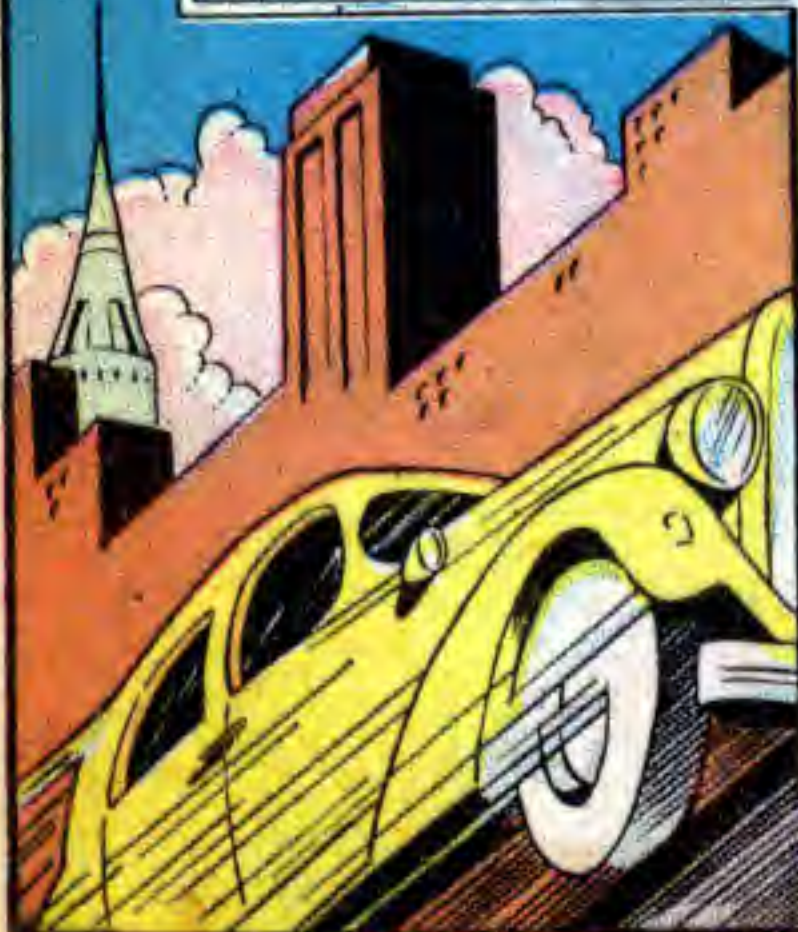
Hack O'Hara

THE GRIP OF THE BUTCHER, BLOODY EXECUTIONER OF GANGDOM, FALLS ON HACK O'HARA, WHOSE MOST STEADY CAR FARE SEEMS TO BE OLD MAN TROUBLE!



O'HARA'S CAB SPEEDS FROM THE HACK STAND..

BUT O'HARA, HIMSELF, IS NOT AT THE WHEEL!!



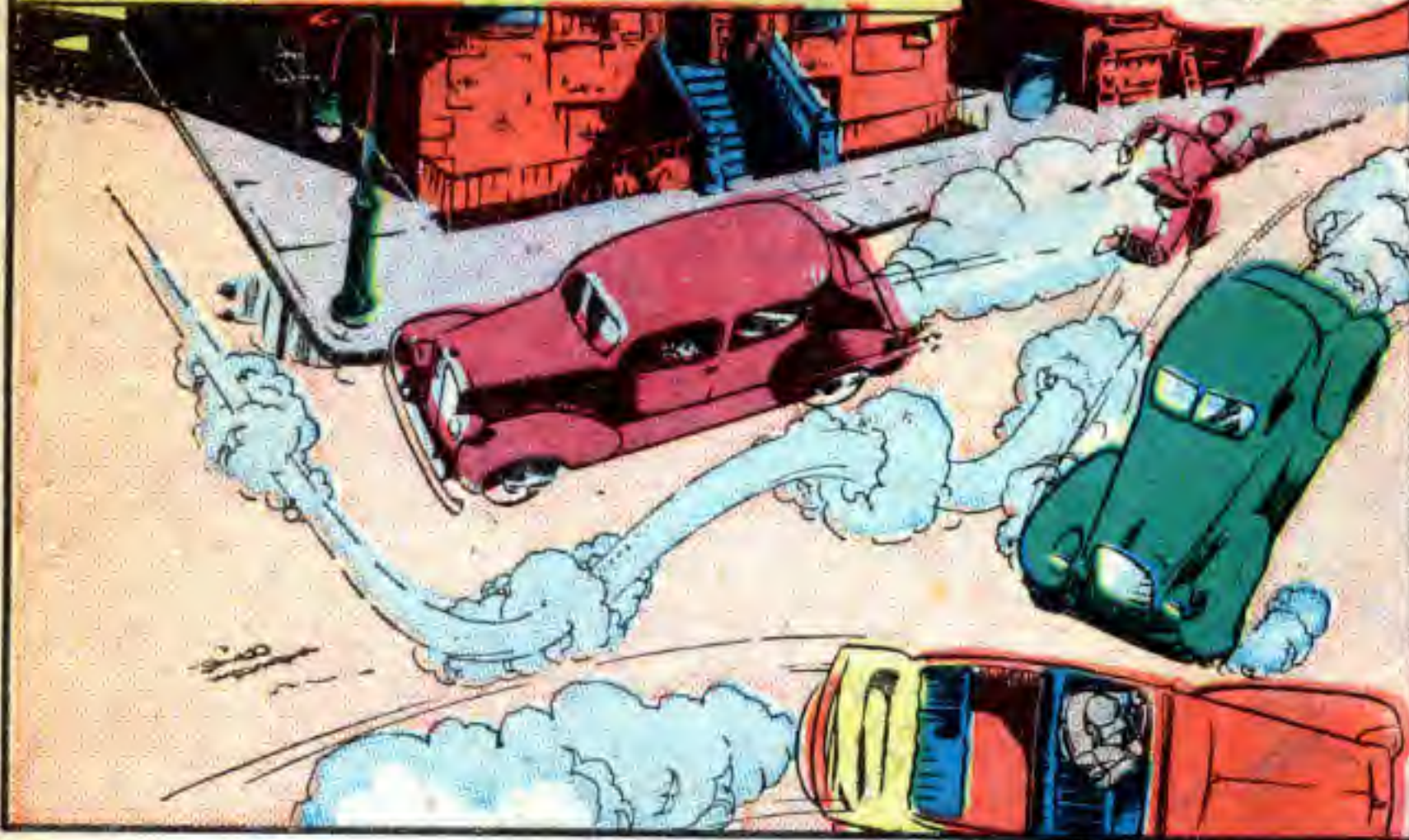
HEY!



THIEF!! ROBBER!
COME BACK WITH
MY CAB, YOU
CROOK!!



TRAFFIC DOESN'T FAZE HIM AS HE HOT-FOOTS IT DOWN BROAD STREET IN PURSUIT OF HIS STOLEN CAB..



POLICE!
PO-LEECE!

HE GETS THE POLICE
ALRIGHT, BUT...



SOMEBODY STOLE MY
BUGGY! C'MON, GRADY..

COME BACK HERE,
UNLESS IT'S KILLED
YOU WANT TO BE,
O'HARA..



LATER, AT THE PRECINCT STATION

THEY FOUND YOUR
CAB, HACK... AND THEY'RE
BRINGING THE THIEF
IN NOW..

YEAH?
WELL..



JUST LET ME GET MY
MITS ON THAT... THAT
CABNAPPER!!



THE THIEF IS BROUGHT IN....

HUH?
=ULP=

I'M... I'M
SORRY,
MR.
O'HARA..



..BUT I HAD TO GET
SOMEWHERE QUICK.. A
FRIEND... A NEWSPAPER
MAN'S LIFE IS IN DANGER
..HE HAD THE GOODSON
THE GURLEY GANG...
THERE MAY STILL BE
TIME... IF....



DON'T WORRY, LADY...
I'LL HELP YOU FROM
NOW ON... DROP
THE CHARGES!!!





BUT HACK'S LESSON IN ETQUETTE IS HARSHLY INTERRUPTED.



HOW ABOUT IT, HARRY.. CAN YOU GIVE ME A SPECIAL RATE ON THREE...



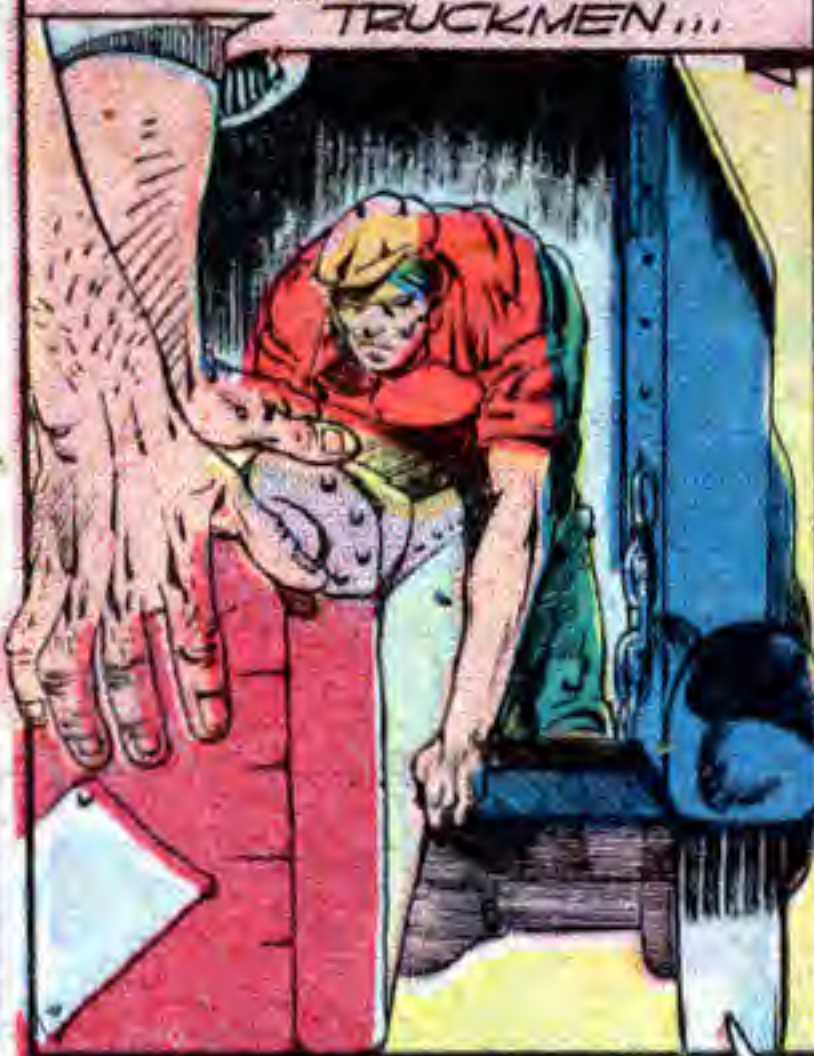
HACK, SCOOP AND THE GIRL ARE SOON LOADED ON A TRAIN...



THE CRATES BOUNCE OUT AT A LONELY WAY STATION



SILENTLY, THEY ARE PICKED UP BY HUSKY TRUCKMEN...



AND SPED TO A SLAUGHTER HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN..



WHEN THE LID IS RAISE ABOVE HACK, HE SEES...



IT'S THE BUTCHER!



AH, GOOD, JUICY YOUNG FELLA!!

YEAH? BUT I'M TOO TOUGH FOR STEAKS BUTCH!!





A WISE
GUY, HUH?
THEN I
MAKE THIS
QUICK !!



BUT HACK SWINGS
AWAY FROM THE EVIL
KNIFE...



AND SMASHES INTO
A HANGING BEEF..



THE CARCASS DROPS
WITH AN UGLY THUD...



WRIGGLING LIKE
AN EEL, THE
CABBY TEARS
LOOSE..



CAREFULLY
MANIPULATING THE
BUTCHER'S KNIFE,
HE CUTS HIS
BONDS...



JUST THEN...
HEY, BUTCHER!
YOU O.K.?



YEAH...
JUST WENT
OUT FOR
A SPELL..



BUT HE LEFT YOU
THIS MESSAGE..



HACK FREES
SCOOP AND
THE GIRL..

WELL
HOW
DO YOU
LIKE
THAT
?

DARLING!!



I DO THE WORK,
AND LOOK WHO'S
GETTING THE
REWARD!!

Alias the

SPIDER

BY PAUL
GUSTAVSON

ONCE AGAIN,
THE DYNAMIC
FIGURE OF
TOM HALLAWAY,
ALIAS THE
SPIDER,
STRIKES
AT THE
ENEMIES OF
DEMOCRACY,
WITHIN
OUR
SHORES
!!!
ooo

AS TOM HALLAWAY AND HIS
CHAUFFEUR, CHUCK, WALK
THROUGH A DEFENSE
HOUSING AREA....

LISTEN TO THIS
CHUCK!!

THE BATTLESHIP'S GONNA
BE LAUNCHED AT MIDNIGHT,
TONIGHT.. AN' SHE'S A
FLOATING POWERHOUSE..
BIGGEST IN THE
WORLD!!

SHE'LL DO FIFTY
KNOTS AN
HOUR.. I OUGHTA
KNOW.. I WORKED
ON HER!!

HERE'S A PRESENT,
JABBER-MOUTH!!

GLUB
!!!











SNAPPY



ARTHUR
BEEMAN



TOR THE MAGIC MASTER

JIM SLADE, THE ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, SECRETLY BECOMES TOR, THE MAGIC MASTER WHEN HE TACKLES A DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT - HIS ABILITY AS A MAGICIAN GETS HIM OUT OF MANY TIGHT SQUEEZES.



BY FRED GUARDINEER

IN THE JUNGLES OF PANAMA, JIM SLADE IS SENT TO PHOTOGRAPH THE SAN BLAS INDIANS.



WHAT THE BOSS REALLY WANTS IS FOR ME TO WATCH OUT FOR JAPS - HE THINKS THEY ARE HIDING AMONG THE INDIANS!



AFTER A FEW WEEKS IN THE JUNGLE, JIM MAKES FRIENDS WITH A YOUNG SAVAGE.

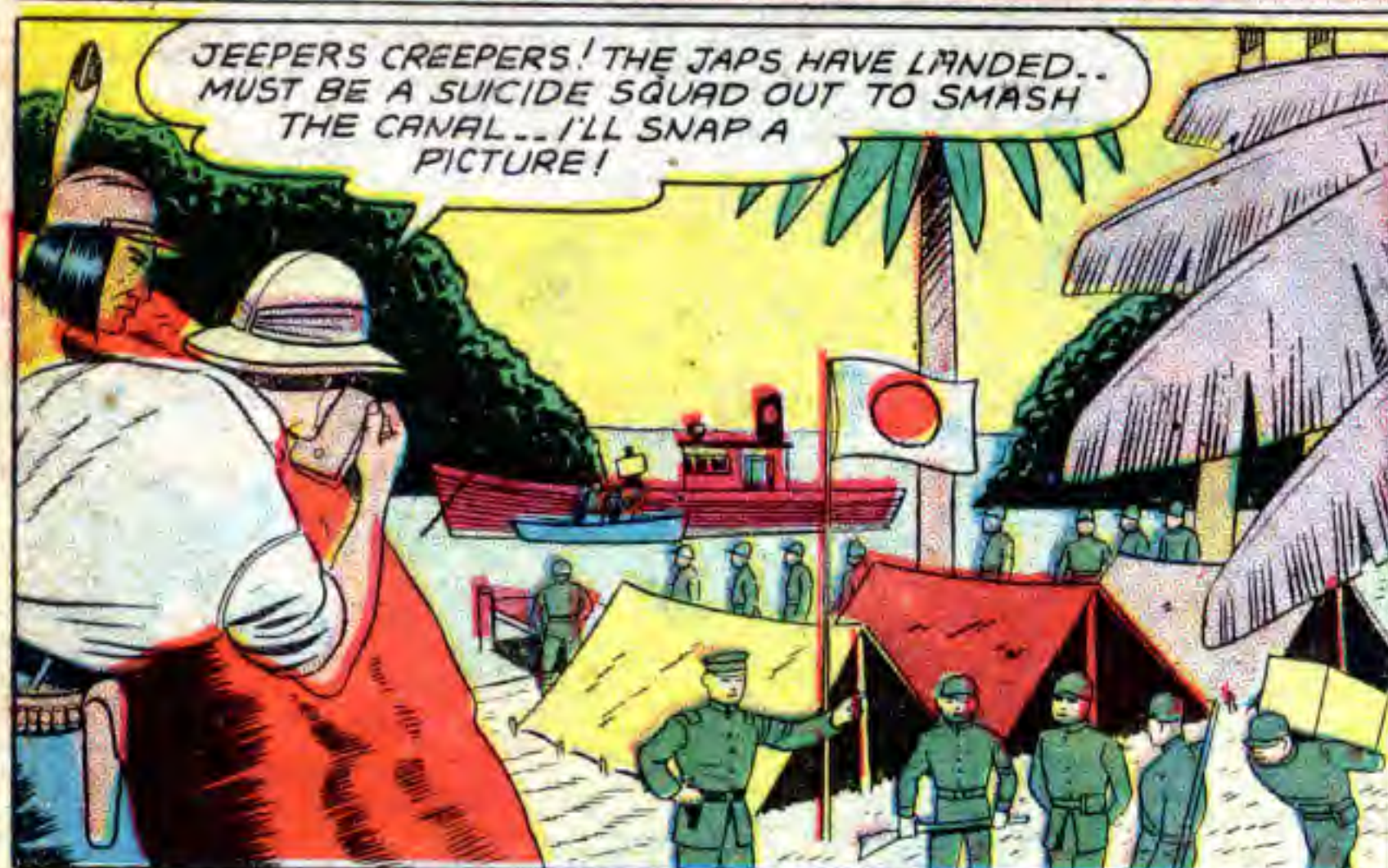


YOU ARE CLEVER WHITE MAN, UGH!

THANKS CHOCO!



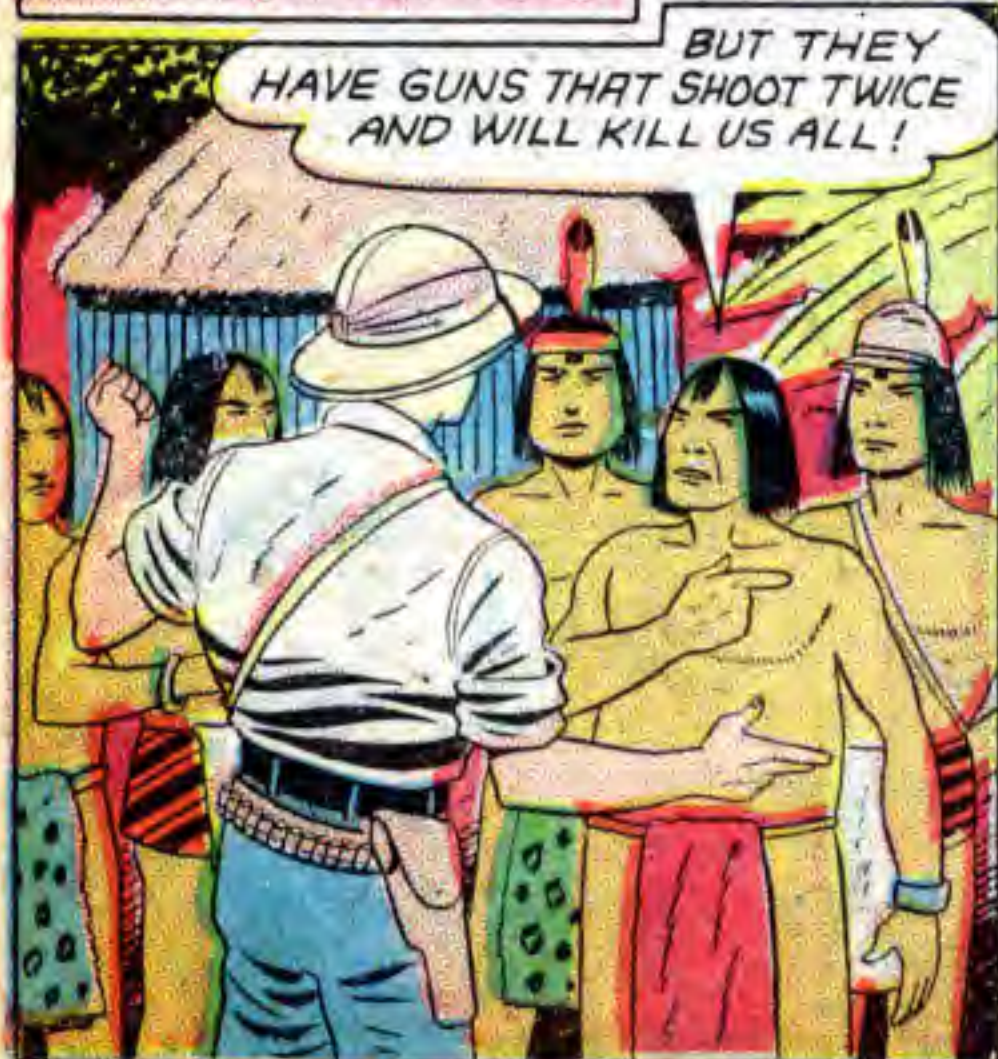
IN A WELL HIDDEN BAY, CHOCO POINTS OUT A JAP ENCAMPMENT!



THE TWO MEN RACE BACK TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE.



JIM TRIES TO PERSUADE THE INDIANS TO ATTACK THE JAPS.



SUPPOSE I CAN GET TOR THE MAGIC MASTER TO AID YOU.. YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF HIS PROWESS!



IMMEDIATELY AT THE MENTION OF TOR'S NAME THE NATIVES SHOUT WITH JOY AND STAGE A WAR DANCE!



THE WAR PARTY SETS OUT AFTER THE JAPS.



AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY JIM DUCKS INTO THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH.



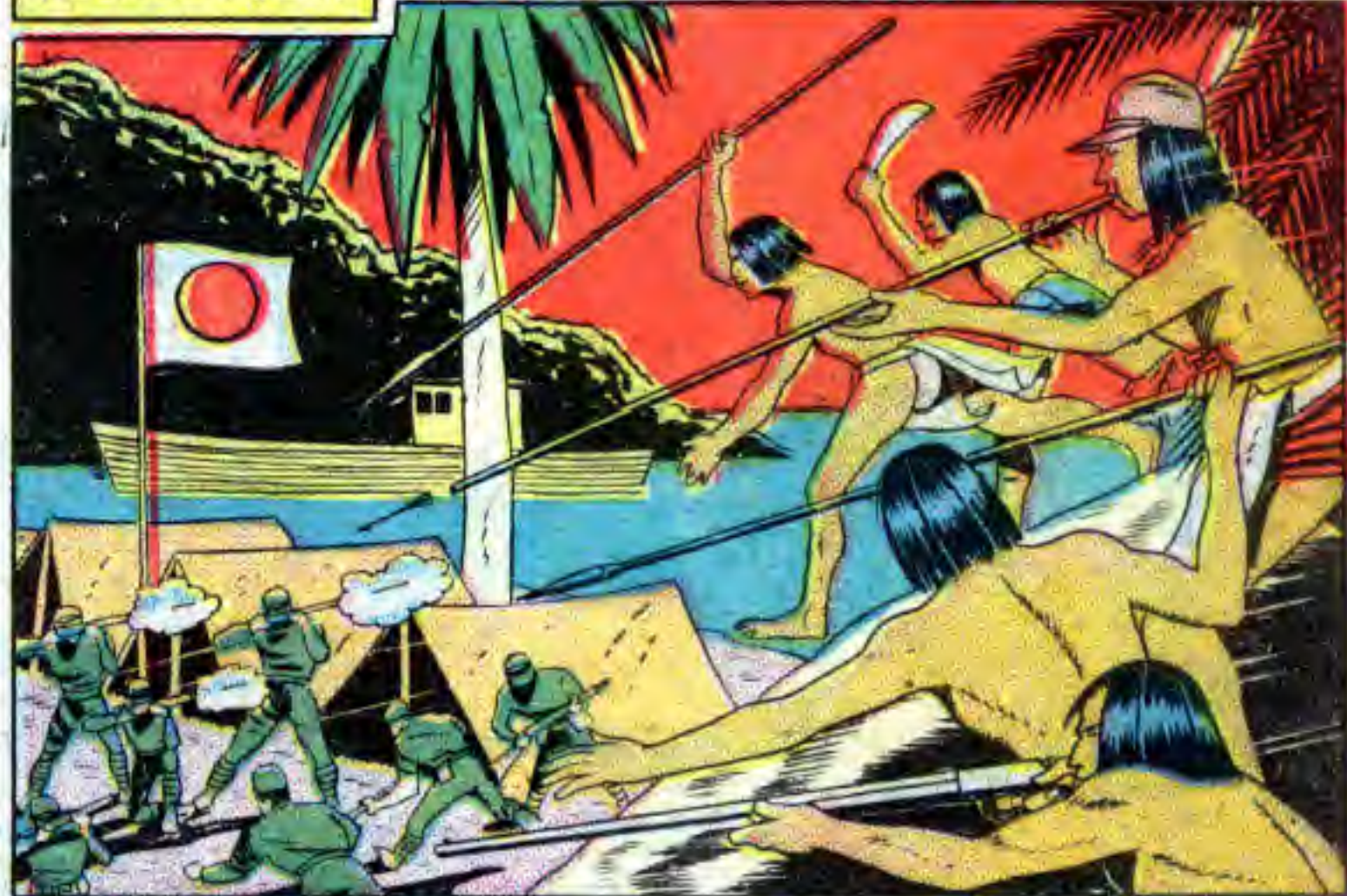
AND BECOMES TOR!



IN THE ENEMY CAMP THE INVADERS PREPARE FOR TROUBLE...



EVEN AS HE SPEAKS, THE INDIANS SWOOP DOWN ON THE YELLOW MEN.



BLOW GUNS AND SPEARS FIND THEIR MARK.



BUT THE JAP MACHINE GUNS AND HAND GRENADES DRIVE THEM BACK!



AT THAT MOMENT TOR APPEARS!



**NUG REDWOP, OD TON
EDOLPXE !**



**AT TOR'S COMMAND THE POWDER
IN THE JAPANESE AMMUNITION
REFUSES TO EXPLODE!**



**THEIR GUNS DON'T
WORK - WIELD YOUR
MACHETES!**



**THE INDIANS CLOSE IN FOR SOME BLOODY
HAND TO HAND FIGHTING WITH THEIR RAZOR
SHARP KNIVES.**

**WHAT AN ACTION
SHOT!**



**ALTHOUGH GOOD FIGHTERS, THE JAPS CAN'T
STOMACH COLD STEEL, AND FLEE BEFORE
THE STABBING INDIANS.**

**RETREAT - TO
THE BOAT!**



THE JAPS CLIMB ABOARD THEIR SHIP.

**FULL STEAM TO
YOKOHAMA!**



**THEY'RE GETTING
AWAY!**



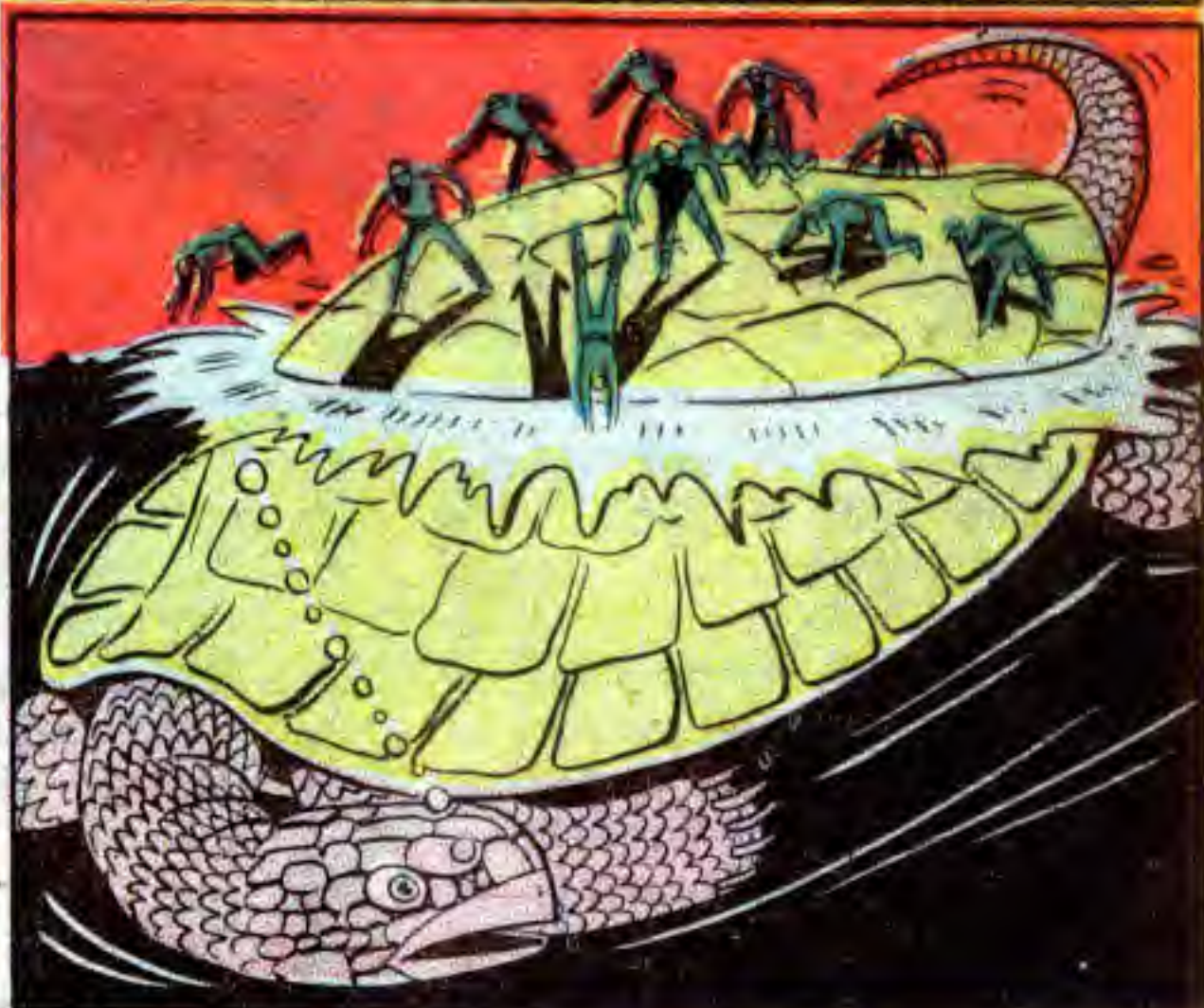
**OH, NO THEY AREN'T!
PIHS NRUT
OTNI A
ELTRUT!**



AS TOR SPEAKS, THE SHIP TURNS INTO A HUGE TURTLE!



THE REPTILE SLOWLY SUBMERGES...



AND TURNS TO INSPECT THE STRANGE CREATURES STRUGGLING IN THE WATER!



HMM! I'VE HEARD OF WHITE AND DARK MEAT BUT NOW IT'S YELLOW MEAT.. NOT BAD - NOT BAD!



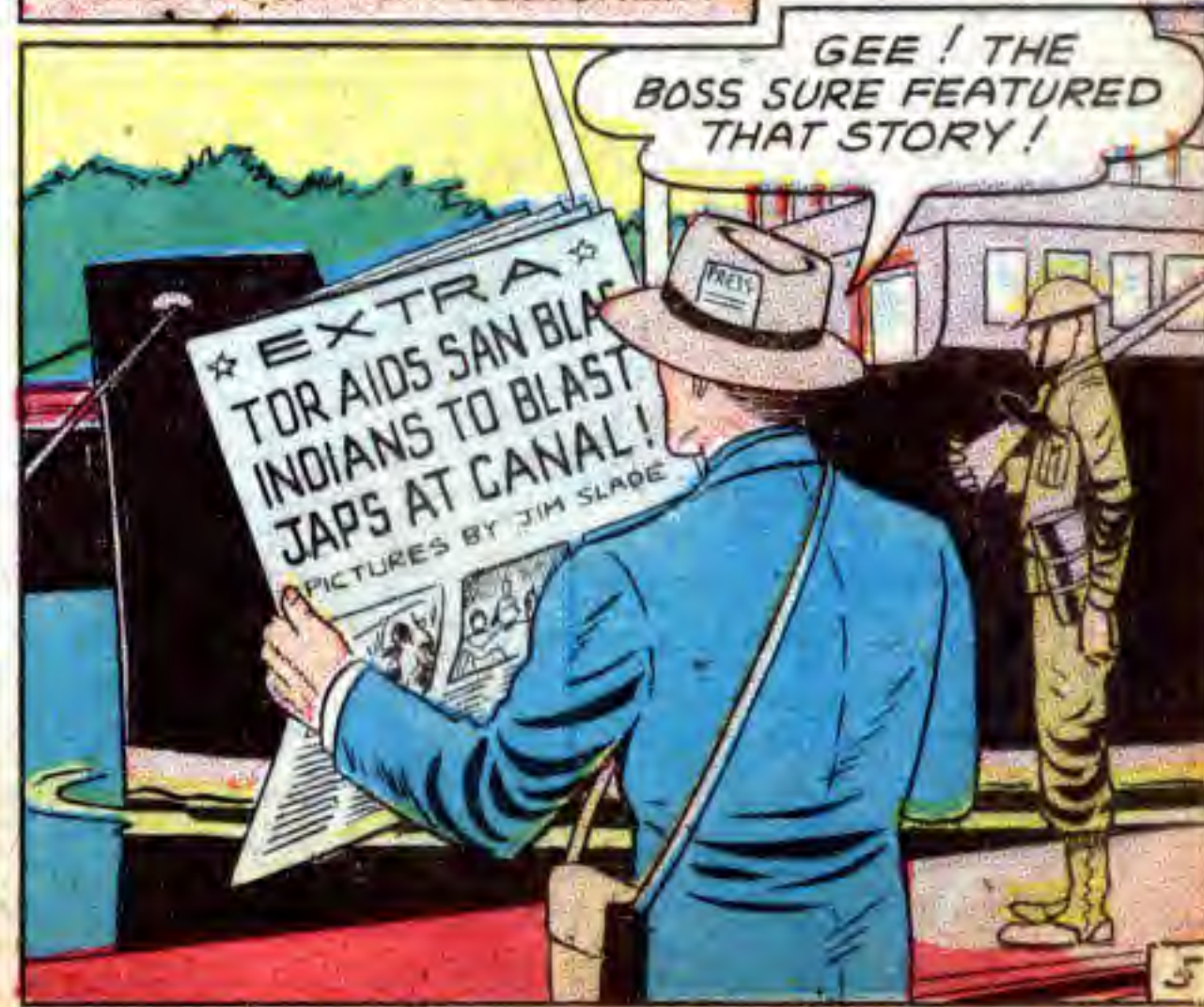
ONE BY ONE THE SWIMMING SOLDIERS DISAPPEAR INTO THE CREATURES MOUTH!



WHILE THE INDIANS WATCH THE ANNIHILATION OF THE RAIDING PARTY TOR CHANGES BACK TO JIM SLADE!



DAYS LATER, IN PANAMA, JIM SEES HIS CAMERA WORK PUBLISHED.



More of Tor, Magic Master, in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

CODE OF DISHONOR



He rode into San Saba looking neither to right nor to left. He was a big, rangy man deeply tanned, with eyes perpetually squinted from staring across limitless vistas. He sat his roan as if glued to the saddle, and there was an indefinable something about him that made you know that here was a bad hombre if he wanted to be one.

The big roan kicked up little puffs of dust as it walked slowly through the town's single street, flanked by two rows of false-fronted buildings. And while its rider kept his eyes straight ahead, you got the impression that he saw everything; that he missed nothing.

Two men stood on the bleached porch of the "Buckhorn" watching the approach of the stranger. Suddenly one of the men tensed and said, from the corner of his mouth, "It's Cimarron Jack Heath!"

"Holy cats!" said the other. "Come on. Wonder who he's lookin' for."

The word shot through San Saba like an electric flash. Cimarron Jack Heath! One of the deadliest gun-fighters still existing. . . . Heath had a history that was stained a deeper red than the Kremlin. In his middle-forties, he had started out as a train robber in the States. Then as his gang was broken up, he made for the Border. He had been in Mexico several years, but never before had he visited San Saba, the little oil town almost wholly run by Americans.

There was one thing certain: Heath was in San Saba for no good purpose. The consensus of opinion was that he was gunning for some one. Who?

There was one chap in San Saba who had heard very little about Cimarron Jack. That was

Eric Vale. He had been sent to Mexico by the owners of the oil wells to look into some trouble brewing between a political faction which resented the "Gringos" and another party who wanted them there. It was such "misunderstandings" that often led to gory revolutions. Young Vale had been in town only a day when Heath rode in. He was interested in seeing the famous outlaw.

But Eric missed Cimarron Jack that day. He was in conference with one Pete Dozier, crew boss in charge of drilling operations for the Border Oil Company. Dozier was excited and explosive.

"I tell you, you gotta get that polecat outa here, Vale! He's lookin' for trouble with me. We had a run-in some years back."

Eric looked at the man. "Oh," he said simply. It was clear that Dozier had once been an outlaw with Cimarron's gang. Perhaps had run out on the leader in a crisis leaving him for the law to grab. It was said that Heath had served time in the penitentiary.

"My job isn't to act as personal guard, Mr. Dozier," Eric said. "I was sent down here—"

"I don't give a hoot why you was sent down here," barked Pete. "This is all part of your job; no doubt Heath is tied up with them dratted Laboristas."

The Laboristas was the party opposed to American control of the oil fields. They were headed by a dangerous radical named Rojas.

Eric dismounted in front of the oil company offices and went inside. Gerald Foster, president of the firm, looked up with an expression of grave concern on his face.

"Uncover anything?" he asked.

"Not much," Eric replied,

dropping into a chair. "Pete Dozier seems to be holding something back. He's afraid of this gunman Heath; thinks he's here looking for him, and insists that Heath is connected with the Laboristas."

Foster nodded. "I've always been skeptical about Dozier. He definitely has a past. But he's a good man—"

"He wants me to chase Heath out of town," Eric cut in.

Foster grinned. "That would be taking on a bit of a job, wouldn't it, Eric?"

"You said it, if half what they say about Heath is true."

Early that evening, Eric rode to Quintero, the stronghold of Senor Rojas, ringleader of the Laboristas. Rojas was a big, rolly-polly individual with a monstrous mustachios, and small, glittering eyes. He grinned snakily at Eric as an aide ushered him into the leader's office.

"Ah-ha, the Gringo detective, no? I am so glad to meet you,



yes! Be seated, please . . . You like cigarro?"

Eric declined the smoke politely. "I've come," he said, "to see if we can't work out some amicable plan—"

"Senor Vale," Rojas butted in, "you waste the words, yes. There is only one amicable plan: the Americanos will turn control of the oil fields back to my people. If they don't—" Rojas spread his big hands in a gesture that conveyed contempt that the Americans couldn't see it his way.

Eric got up. "Then there isn't anything more to say, Senor Rojas." He put on his hat. The Mexican shook hands.

"No hard feelings, amigo. This is not a personal fight, yes?"

Eric parted from Rojas with the certain feeling that things would soon come to a head between the two factions. Rojas was not one to be easily thwarted. And Gerald Foster would look to the interests of his company for all he was worth.

"There's going to be fireworks pronto," Eric told himself as he rode back to San Saba. He was prophetic. Just as he rode into the head of Main street, a burst of gunfire made him jerk his buckskin to a sliding halt. He leaped off the animal and pulled him into a protecting alley, to be out of line with the bullets being exchanged by two men a hundred yards down the street. Neither was Cimarron Heath, so Eric decided that this was just one of the rather frequent gun fights in which the hard-lawless men of San Saba participated.

"Mebbe I ought to do something. But what?" Eric said to himself. Both men were drunk. One of them staggered and the other cut loose with a big .45. The man continued his stagger, to collapse in a heap in the dusty street. Then men poured from the doorways lining the street.

"Old Hickey's shore done in this time!" someone said, rolling the dead man over on his back. Eric strode up at this point. "What was the matter?" he asked. "Do men get away with cold-blooded murder down here?"

Eyes swiveled on Eric. One of the motley crowd spoke: "Yunker, ye'd better keep yer chin outa this; yer not in the States!"

"Good advice." A voice whispered in Eric's ear. It was Gerald Foster. "Just a couple of trouble-makers anyway," the man continued. "Of course, I know how you feel about it. Come on, let's get a bite to eat."

"Hey—look!"

The shout brought Eric and Foster to their feet. Foster bounded toward the door of the cafe.

"Looks like a double-star day," Foster mused. "It's Dozier and Cimarron Jack!"



Pete Dozier, two guns dangling low around his waist, stood in a crouched attitude in front of the "Buckhorn." And almost immediately opposite the restaurant Cimarron Jack was strolling toward his intended victim, hands swinging idly at his sides, big hat pulled low over his eyes. As he went past the eating place, Foster said softly, "You'll never see anything like this again, feller. Look at that killer!"

"What about Pete?"

"Fastest man on the draw in these parts. I've never seen Cimarron in action, but they say he's a devil."

The men were now about a hundred and fifty yards apart. They had slowed their forward pace. Dozier hardly moved, seemingly balancing on the balls of his feet, his hand crooked like a snake above the dark butt of his .45. Even at this distance, Eric could make out the savagery of the man's face. But there was something else there; something of premonition of doom. Dozier was scared!

Eric's glance darted to the profile view of Cimarron Jack's lean face. The features of a hawk. A striking hawk! There was no fear there; only certainty

Then Dozier's right hand jabbed lightning quick. Eric hardly saw it. The two bursts of gunfire melted into each other. No—Cimarron's was a split second first. His gun spoke three

times in rapid succession. Dozier half turned, with a startled look on his face, and fell forward. Very deliberately, almost solemn like, Cimarron dropped his smoking gun into its holster, turned on his heel and began walking off.

Eric came to life then. In fact, San Saba did. From every doorway poured people. The spell was broken. The danger was over. Another man had died violently. There would be another little white cross in the town's "boot hill."

Eric said to Gerald Foster, "Wait. There was something funny about that shot—those shots—of Cimarron's. Hold everything!"

With Foster looking on in consternation, Eric hurried up behind Cimarron Jack and stuck a gun in his back.

"Wait a minute, Heath! Just put your hands up and keep 'em there!"

The outlaw did as he was told, slowly raising both hands. Eric deftly took his gun. Then he said, "Now turn around, Mister!"

Cimarron did so. Eric patted the man's trousered legs. "Ah! Just hand it out, Heath!" he ordered. Cimarron turned a deep red, snarled something under his breath, but slowly drew from his pants leg a ten-inch gun barrel with a single-shot firing mechanism at one end. The crowd gasped.

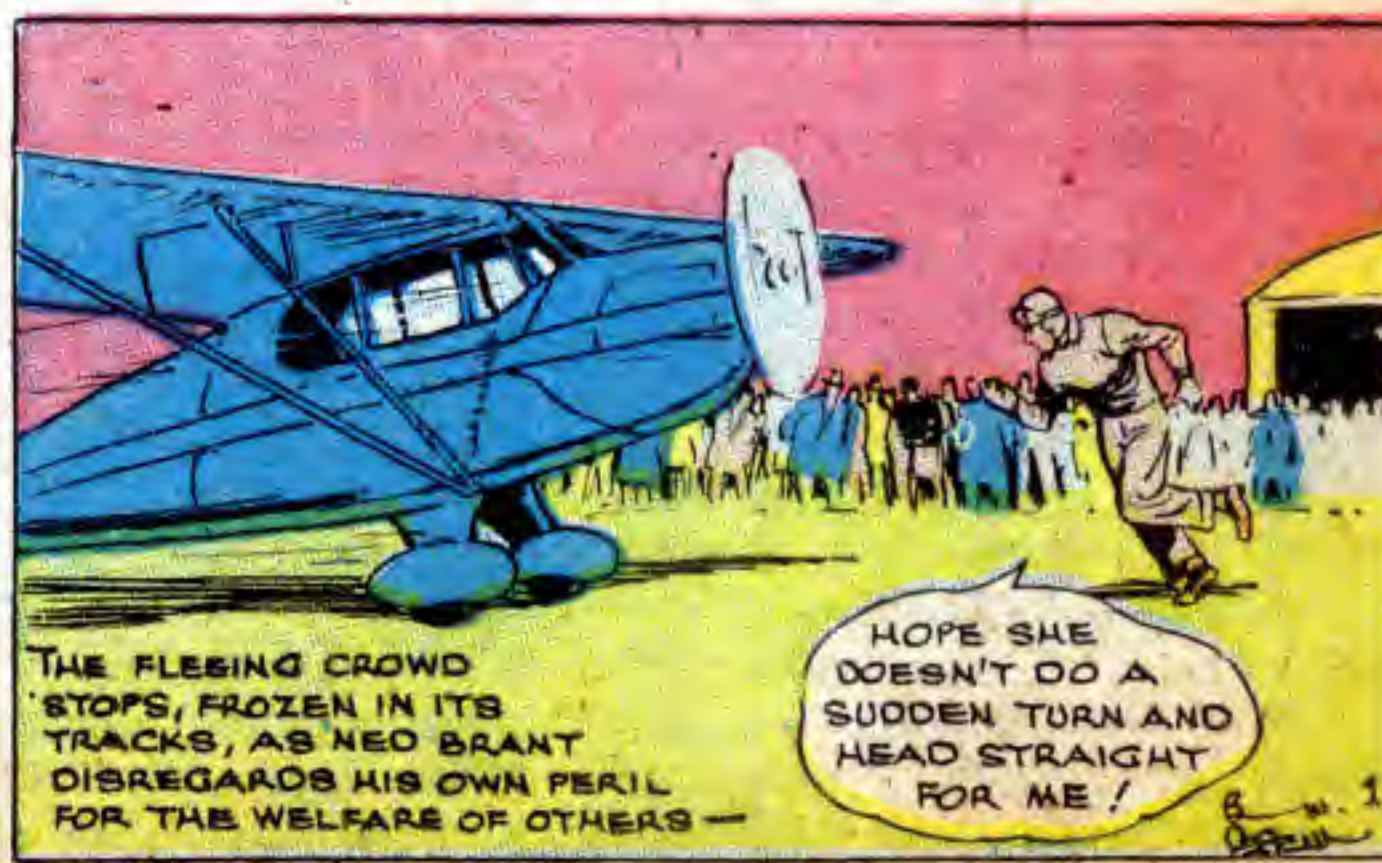
"You see," said Eric, "when I saw you hold your left hand straight out, I wondered about it. And I could have sworn that the flame burst was from your left hand instead of your right, although you fired so quickly with your six-gun that it was hard to see. . . . Well, that answers it for you, folks. Mr. Cimarron Jack here is not only an outlaw with a price on his head, he is a dishonest rat. So I guess there's no honor among thieves, after all, eh?"

FOLLOW PLASTIC MAN
AMERICA'S MOST UNUSUAL ADVENTURE
COMIC EACH MONTH IN
POLICE COMICS

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

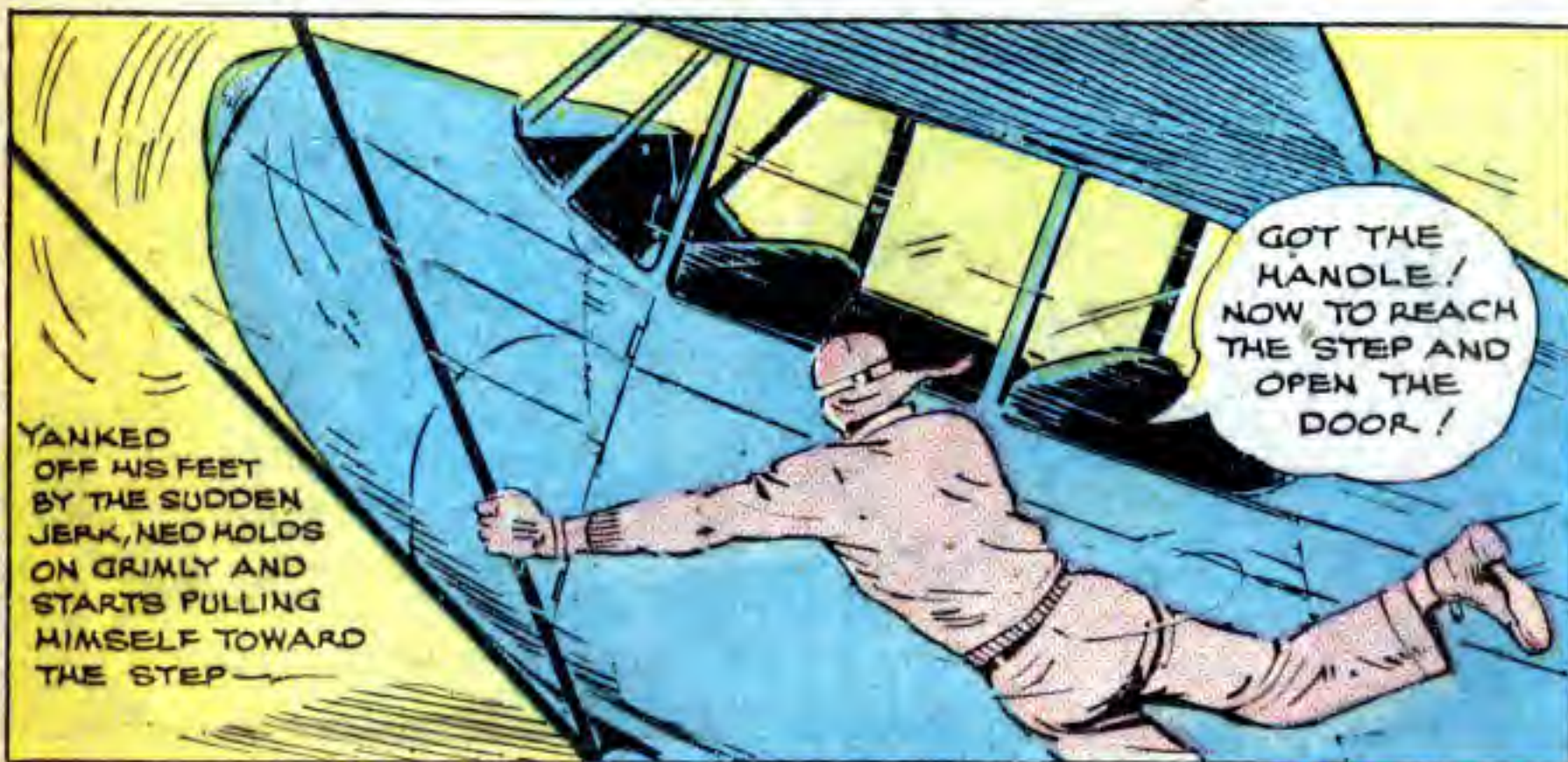
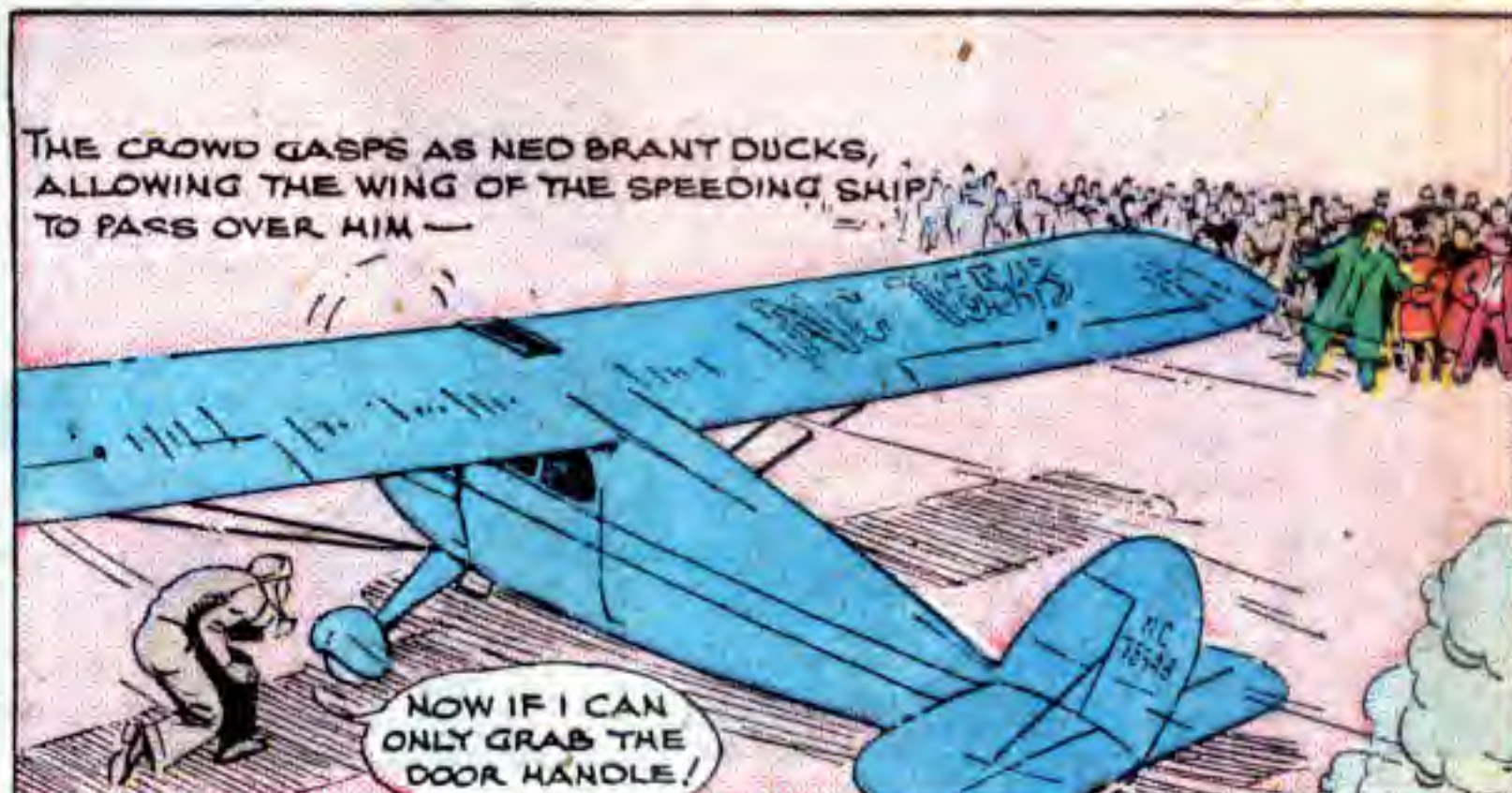
DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

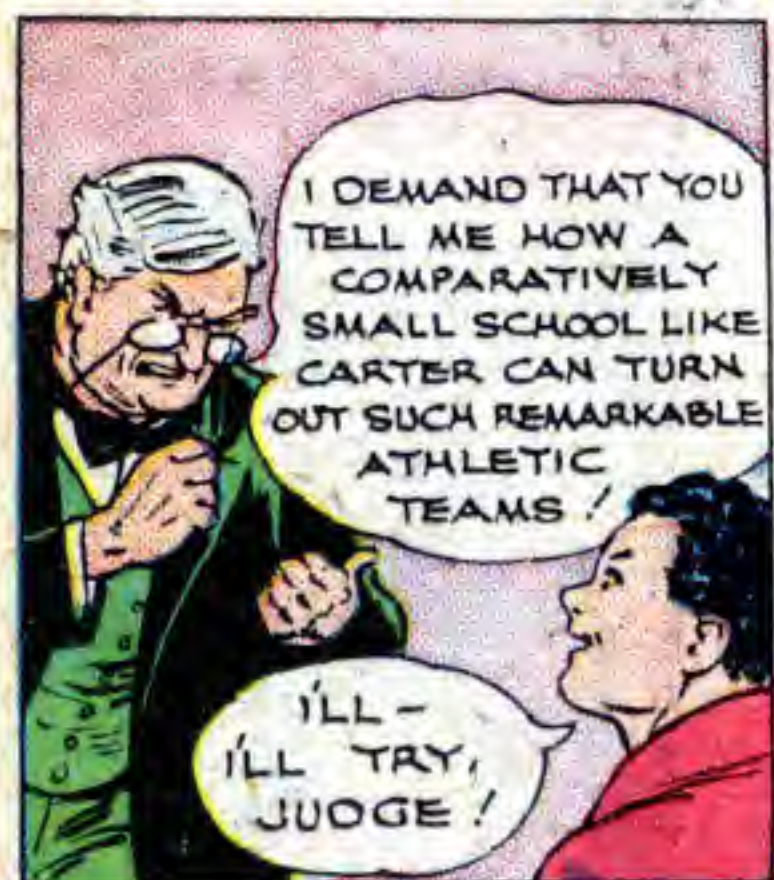
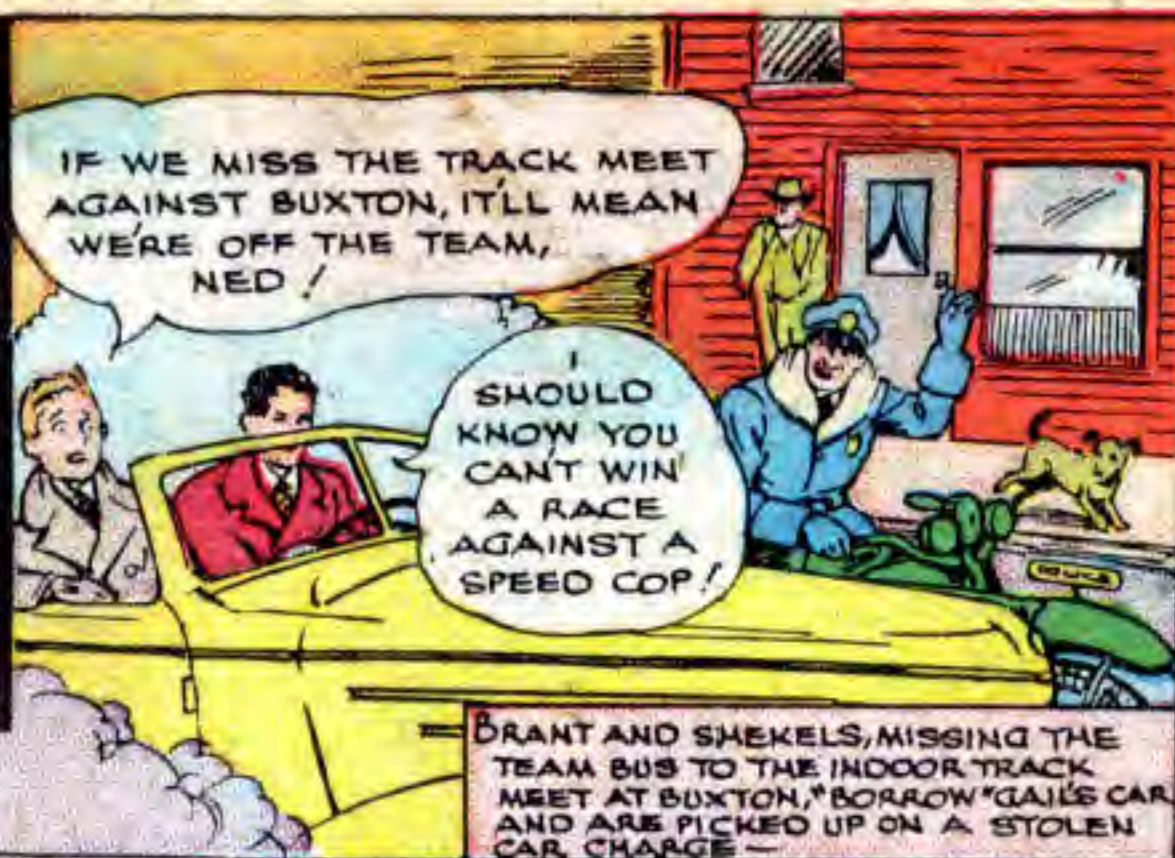
DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



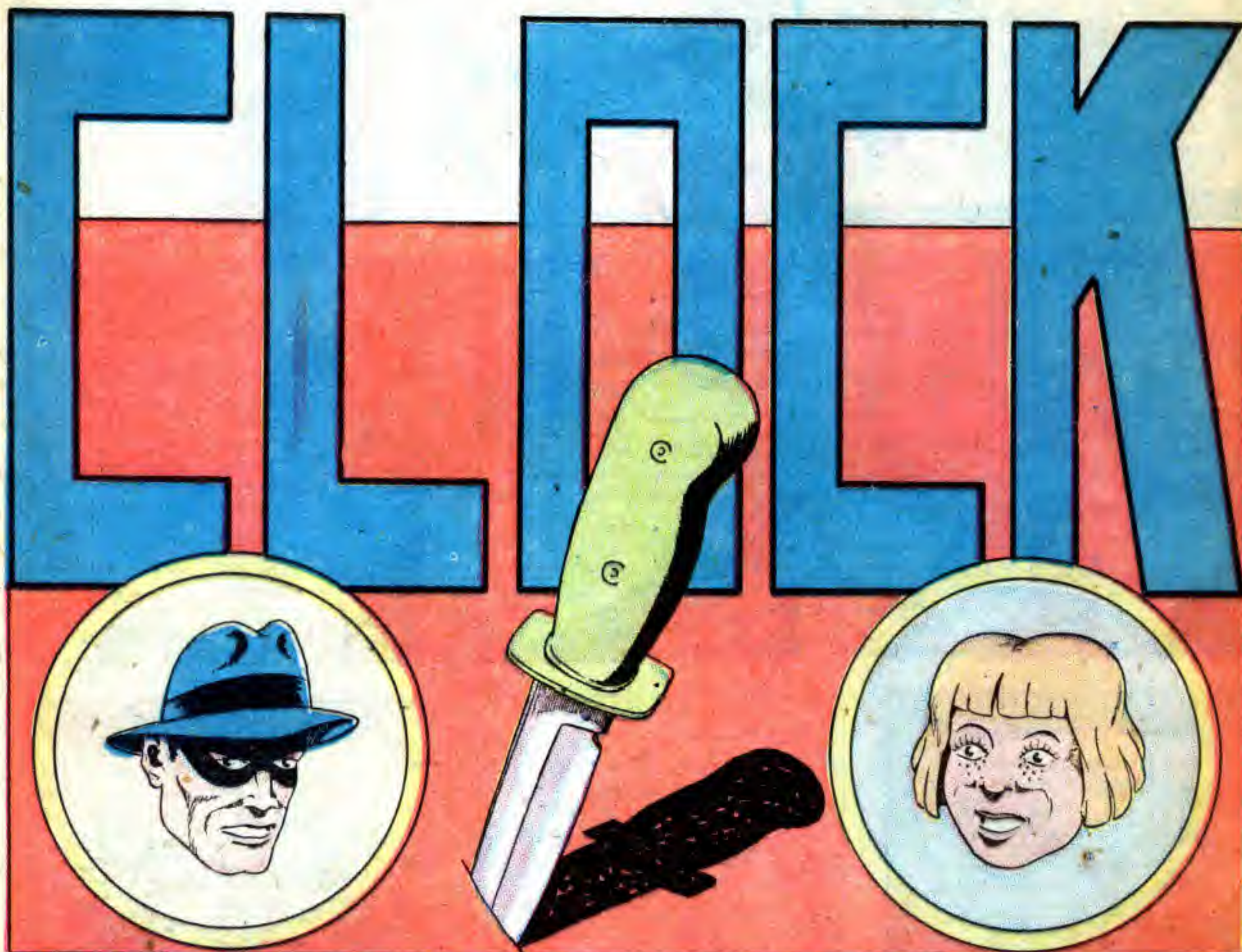
WITH AN ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE SPURT THAT WILL GO DOWN IN CARTER HISTORY AS ONE OF THE GREATEST INDIVIDUAL EFFORTS OF ALL TIME, NED BRANT BRINGS THE RACE AND THE MEET TO HIS SCHOOL!

BRIAN O'BRIEN, WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF THE CLOCK, AND HIS NEWLY FOUND AIDE, BUTCH - A SHARP TONGUED, LOVABLE ORPHAN GIRL, FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE IN THEIR UNENDING WAR TO STAMP OUT ALL THAT IS EVIL - - - -

The

by

GEORGE E. BRENNER.



OUR STORY OPENS IN A DESERTED WAREHOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT.....



GIMME A BUTT SOMEBODY-

THERE AINT ONE IN TH' JOINT, BOSS-BUT I'LL GO OUT FER SOME--



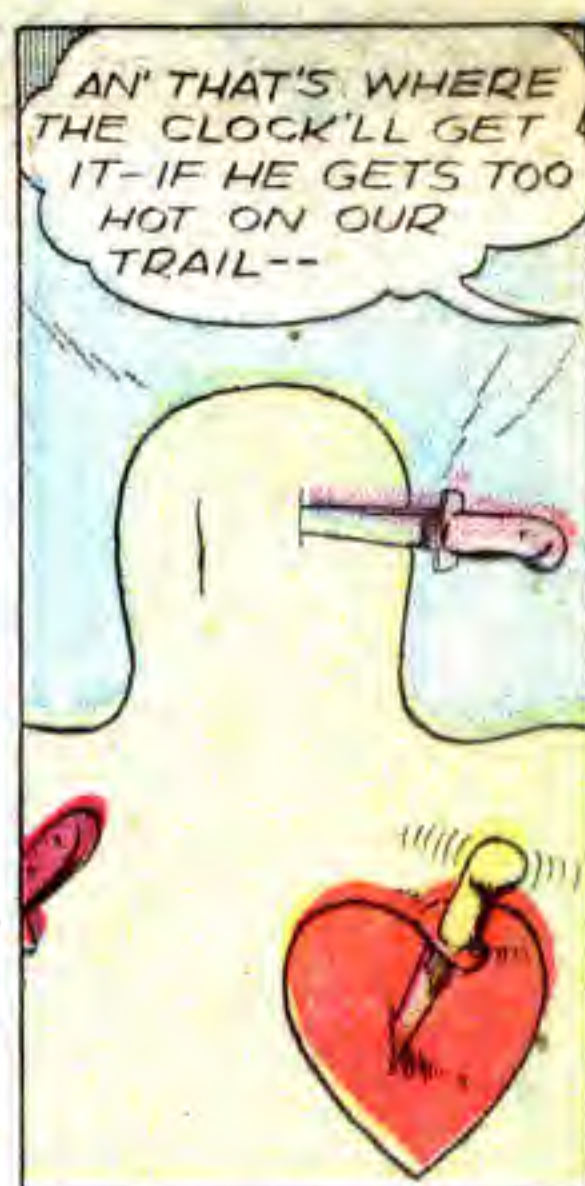
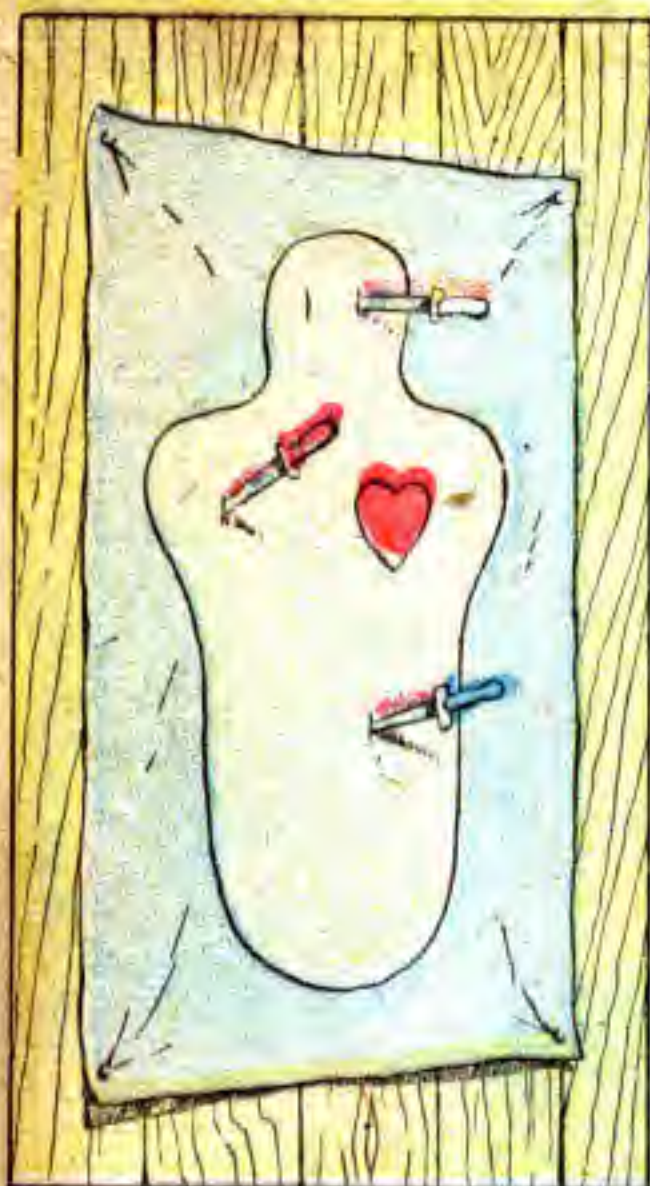
NO, I'LL GO- I NEED SOME AIR----



HEY, BOSS - YA FERGOT SOMETHIN' - AN' IT'S YER OWN ORDERS TOO--

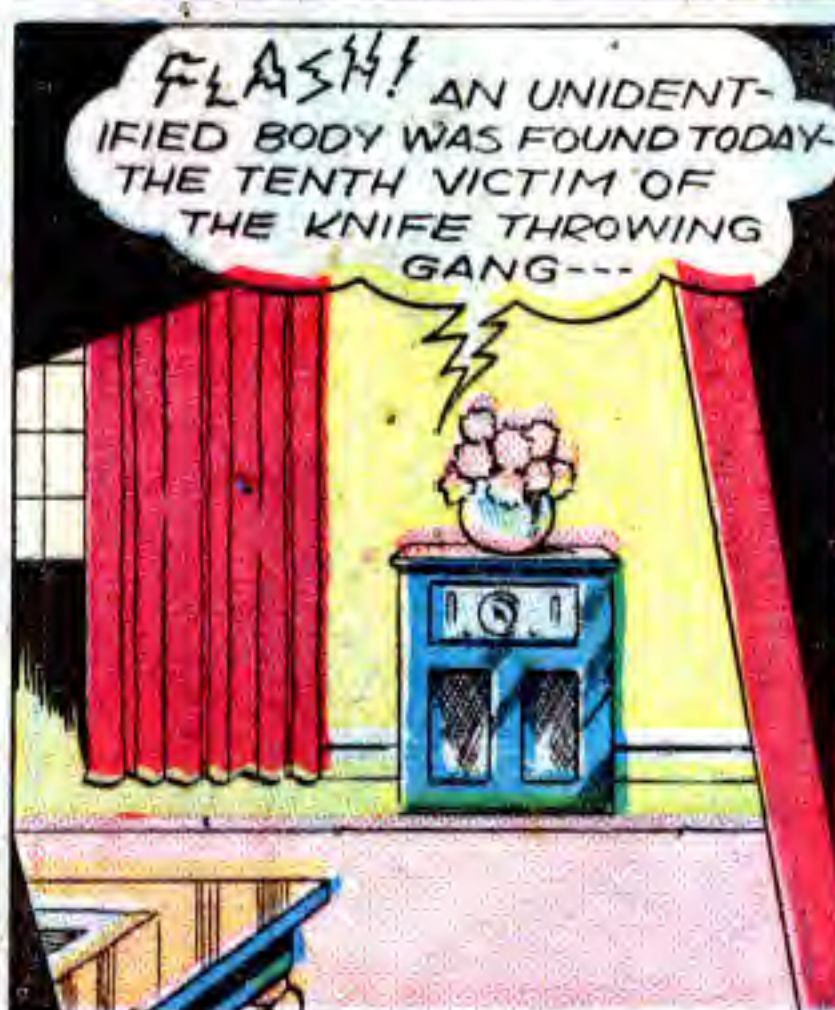
SORRY, BOYS - SORRY-

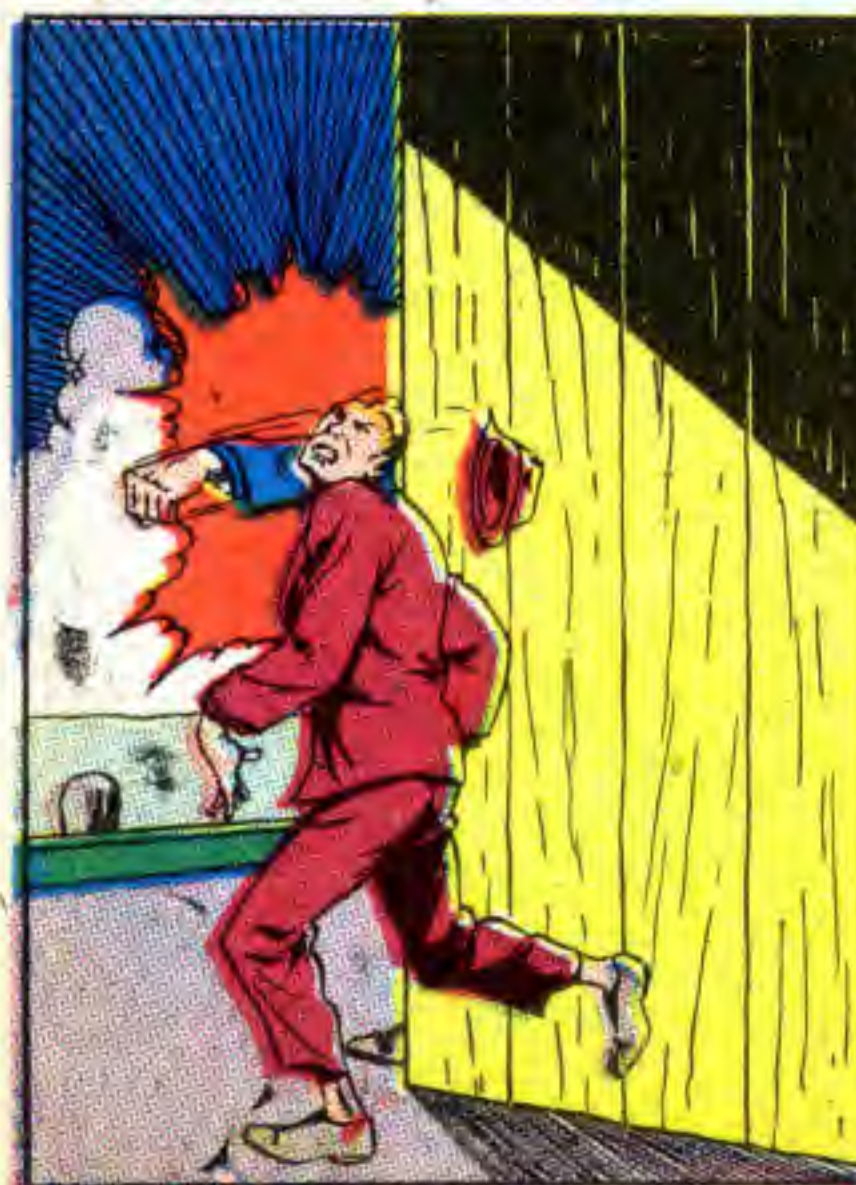




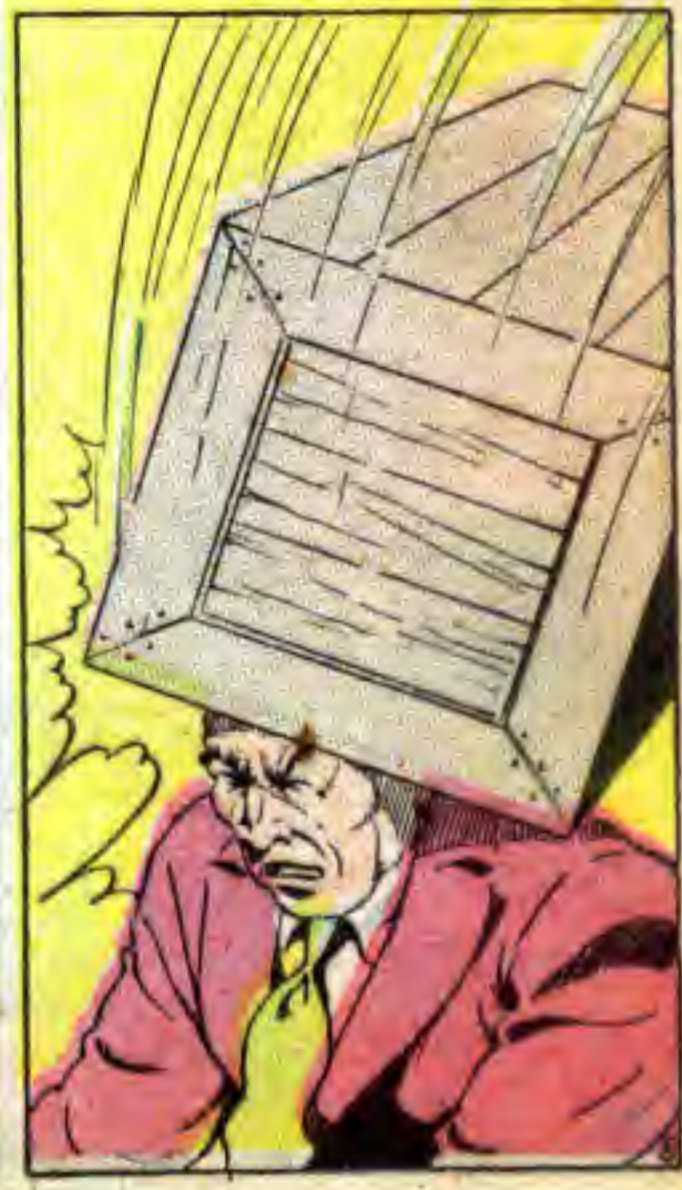
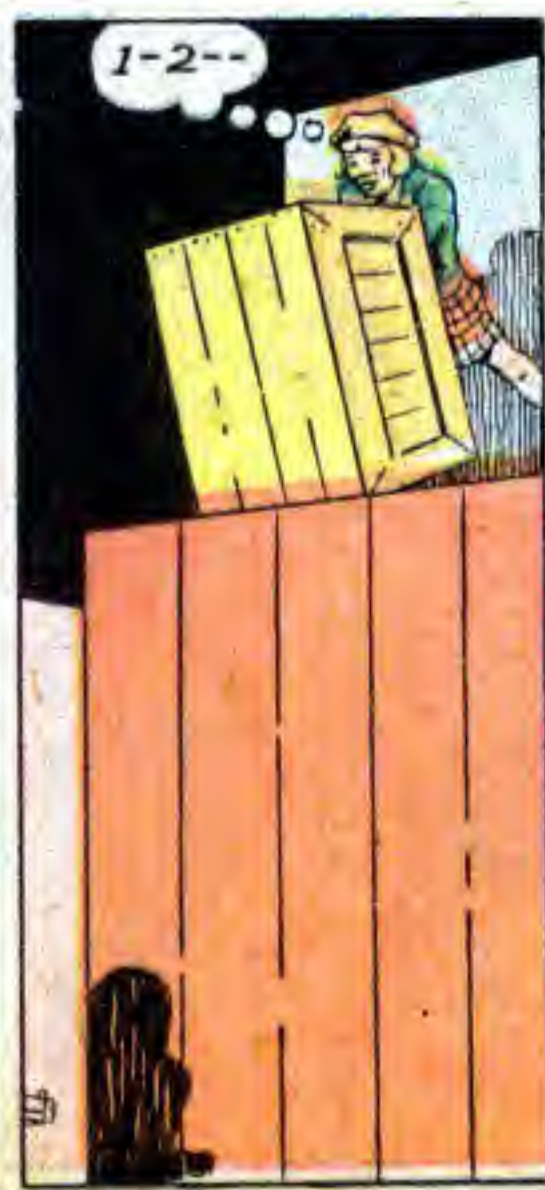
AND IN THE HOME OF BRIAN O'BRIEN, ALIAS, THE CLOCK...

SUDDENLY A NEWS FLASH COMES OVER THE AIR----

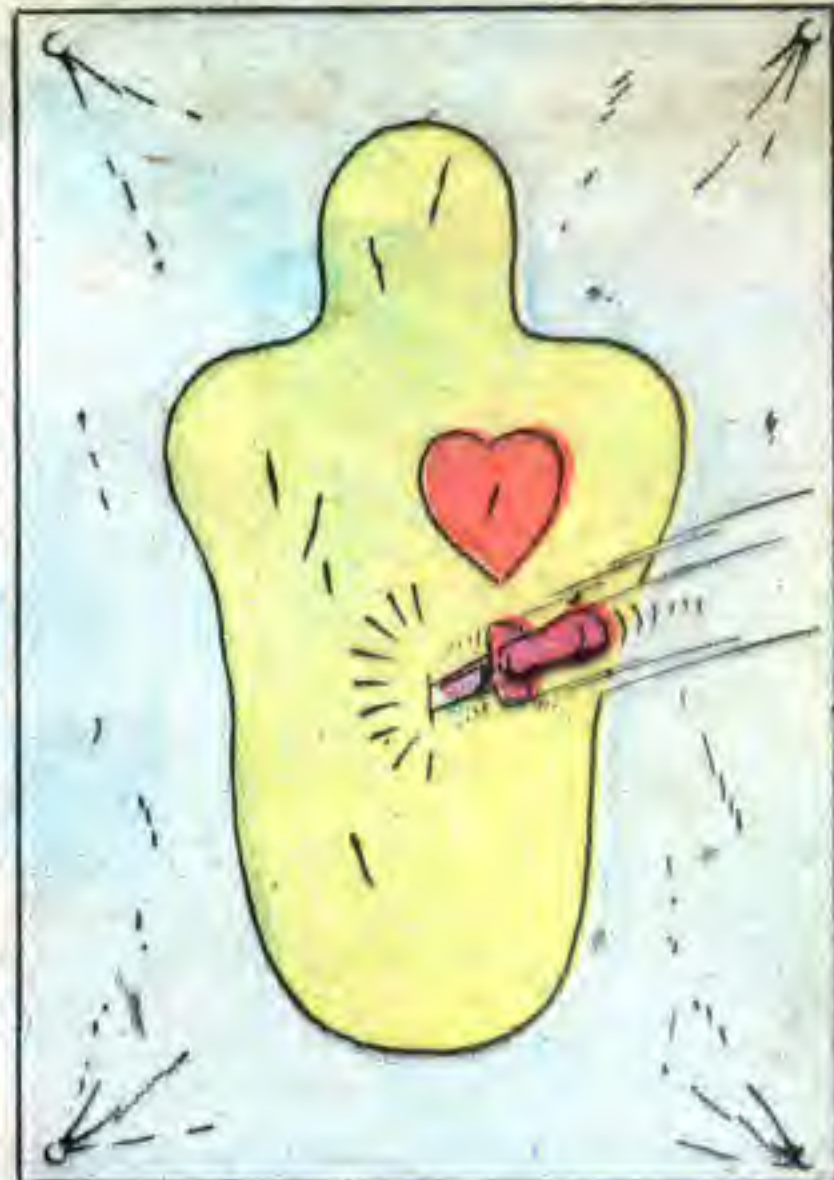








MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK IS AT THE MERCY OF THE GANG ---





Another thrilling installment of The Clock in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

DAISY *Announces the* **DEFENDER**

**1000 SHOT
MILITARY MODEL**



Duty added
in Canada



Presenting the new, husky Daisy Defender—America's only military model air rifle! Enjoy these five military style features: (1) 36-Inch Adjustable Gun Sling for carrying Defender steadier aiming (2) Automatic Bolt Action Safety which locks trigger "On Safety" when gun is cocked (3) Rear Sight adjustable for Windage left and right—for Elevation up and down (4) Full-Length Wooden Fore-End (5) Oval Stock. Besides these authentic military features, Daisy Defender is equipped with Lightning-Loader Invention pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds. Genuine Daisy quality from muzzle to butt. Get this beautiful new Defender now at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Daisy Dealer is near you, send us only \$5 and we'll rush your Defender to you postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)



NO. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN

A 50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. American walnut pistol grip stock. Non-slip grooves on butt.

\$5.00



NO. 108—LIGHTNING LOADER CARBINE

Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention.

\$2.50

Shoot THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT **RED RYDER** COWBOY CARBINE

Spring into the saddle—touch spurs to your bronc—go thundering across the purple sagebrush plains with your 1000-shot Red Ryder Saddle Carbine ready for instant use! Red Ryder Carbine features Golden Carbine Bands—Genuine Western Carbine Ring—16-Inch Leather Thong Carbine Style Fore-piece—Lightning-Loader—Red Ryder's brand on Pistol Grip Stock! Buy yours now. At your Dealer's or send us only \$3 and we'll mail your Red Ryder Carbine postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 496 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

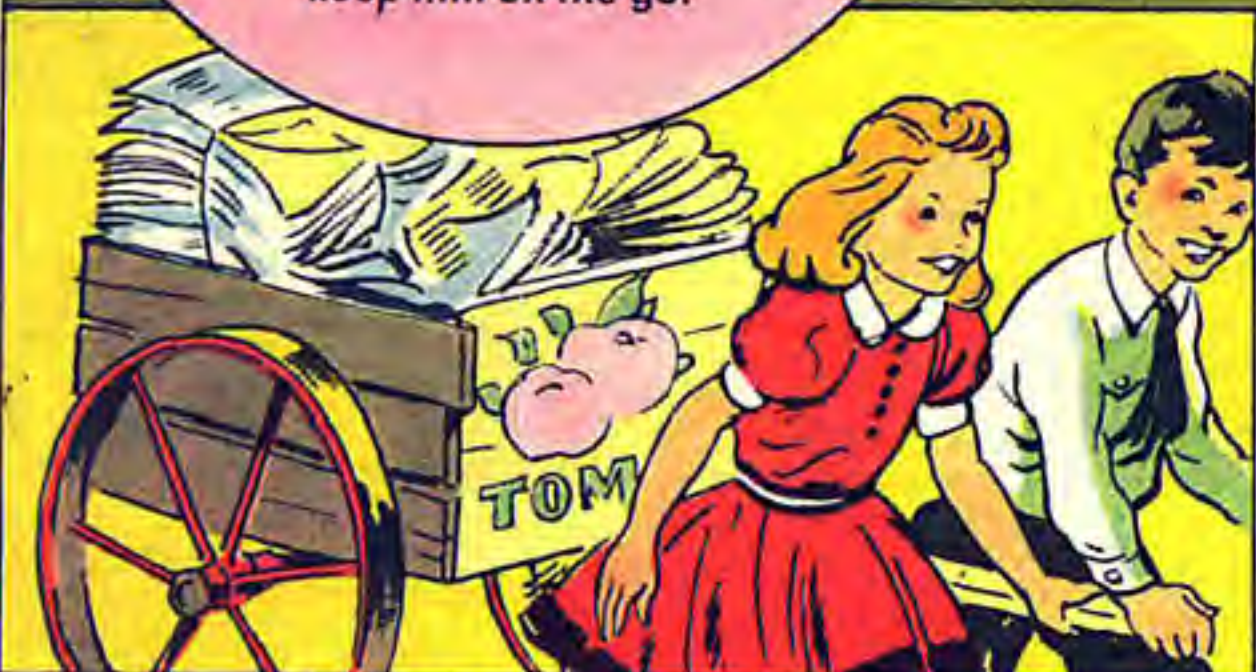
THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go.



YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY

ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey candy!

Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!



See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



1¢ AND 5¢